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HIGH TIMES

SEPTEMBER 1982

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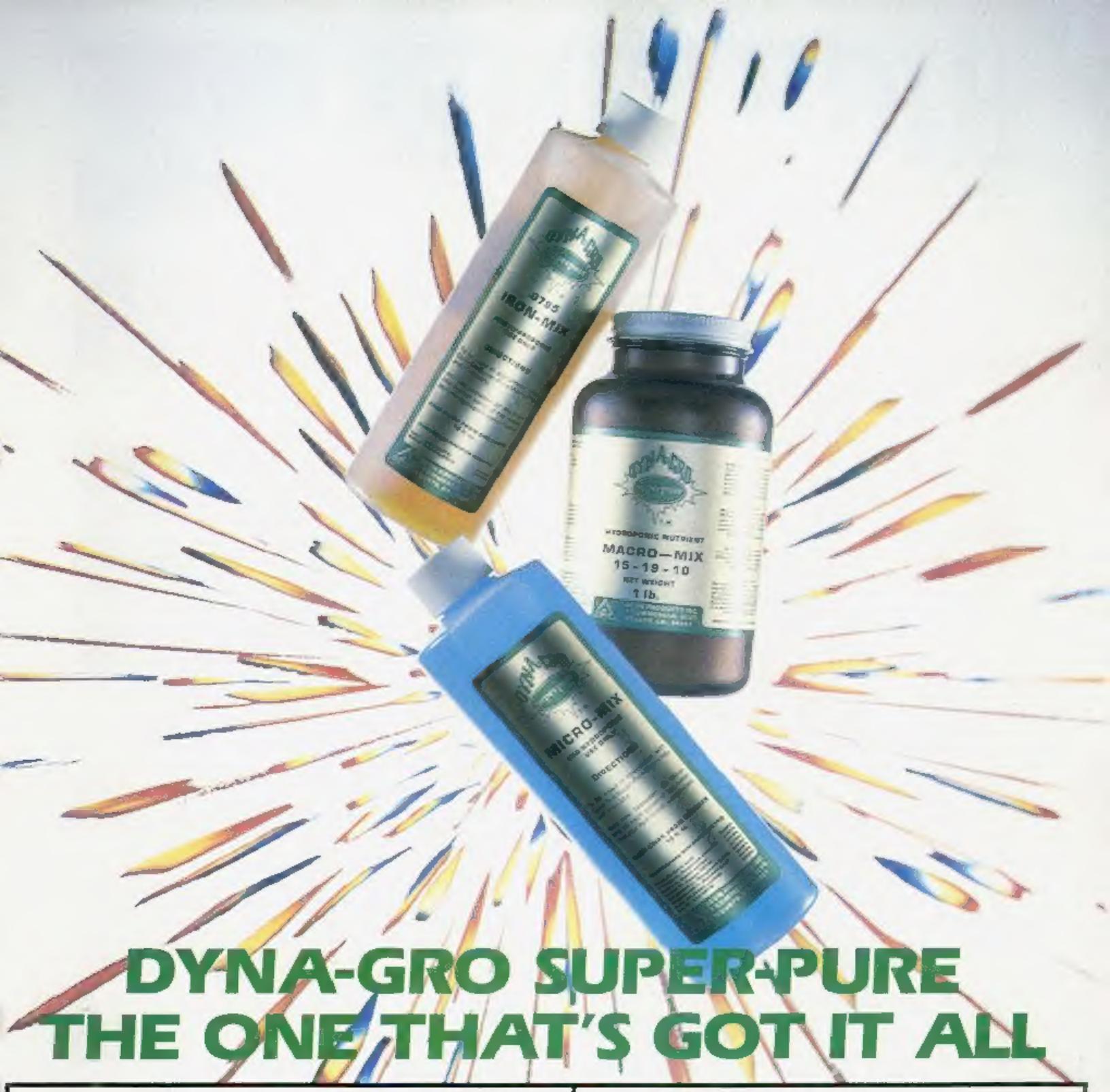
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Help solve the puzzle. Join NORML today.

Isn't it time to solve that puzzle? If marijuana were regulated and criminal sanctions against its use were removed, from \$10 to \$15 billion could be raised every year through federal excise taxes alone.

And how many billions of dollars could be saved by ending the arrest and prosecution of 400,000 marijuana consumers each year? No one claims that marijuana is a totally harmless drug, but the greatest danger a marijuana consumer faces is the threat of arrest and jail.

In a country dedicated to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, marijuana prohibition is a puzzle we shouldn't have to live with. Isn't it time you helped solve this puzzle?



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HIGH TIMES

No. 85 September '82

FEATURES

Interview: Al Goldstein by George Barkin and Larry Sloman

Hefner has his burnies, and Guccione his gold chains. Al Goldstein's got 48 pages of hard-core raunch called *Screw* magazine, which for the past 13 years has celebrated a life lived on the other side of decency and good taste. Definitely not for the squeamish (and probably not for anybody else either), *HIGH TIMES* presents its first X-rated interview . . .

Cover photo © by Gilmfilm

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No More Pencils, No More Books, No More . . . Nothin' by Jon Pelzer

It's been 13 years since Dave and Eddie graduated from college, 13 years since they've occupied an administration building, tripped-out while playing Frisbee on the Quad or got shit-faced at Buba's. Since then, the dollar sign has replaced the peace sign on campus and Cup-O-Quiche the chili dog. Guess you can't ever go home again, huh? . . .

Centerfold: Dream O' Mushroom Soup

Idealists by Thomas M. Disch

Reality's always had this nasty little habit of catching up with science fiction. Take *1984* for instance, or Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*. So, if Mr. Disch's pistol-packin' clergyman seems incredible to you, that only means you haven't been listening to the Rev. Jerry Falwell lately . . .

Special Grow American: Booby Trap! by Warren Dearden

Land mines. Punji sticks. Military surplus fragmentation grenades. "The main thing you've got to watch out for about growing dope is that it doesn't make you crazy."—Smokey the Dope. Sounds like good advice, but with some of today's second-generation cultivators already operating armed farms, let's just hope it's not too late . . .

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Apex Publishing, Georgia Lab Exposed as DEA Fronts . . . *HIGH TIMES* Seized . . . Amazonian Indians Discover Cocadollars . . . Marijuana-Dealing Mother Fined \$1 Million . . . Salmonella Outbreak Blamed on Tainted Pot . . .

Trans-High Market Quotations . . .

DEPARTMENTS

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High Times Classified		80
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Film	Sleaze, please	94
Books	Down on the Farm	96
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38 The Mouthpieces

by Bob LaBrasca
The last line of defense between a drug defendant and a hostile law-enforcement establishment, they collect fat fees, drive fancy cars and in general act like they're something special—which in fact they are.



52 Special Cocaine Confidential: On Cocaine

by Aleister Crowley
The grand guru of 20th-century occultism addresses his timid and benighted American cousins on the paradoxical nature of drug rehabilitation and legislation. Why *bother*, asks Aleister. "If they are so amiable as to kill themselves, it is a crime to interfere."

Marijuana

The Art and Science of Cooking with Cannabis

by Adam Gottlieb

More than just another collection of marijuana recipes, this book teaches the reader the nature of cannabis, how it combines with other foods and how it is best assimilated by the digestive tract. A must for anyone serious about cooking with grass. #014 \$3.50

The Stash Book

by Peter Hjersman

The definitive guide on building hiding places and spaces in houses, cars, motorcycles, even on one's body. Protect your valuables—whatever they may be. #005 \$4.95

Marijuana Growing

NEW Cultivator's Handbook of Marijuana

by Bill Drake

The most up-to-date information for the outdoor and indoor marijuana cultivator, with over 100 photographs, drawings, charts, maps and a special section on psychoactive tobacco. #025 \$8.95

NEW Caretaking the Wild Sinsemilla

by A. Seed

A sensible guide to growing sinsemilla, the legendary seedless herb. #026 \$4.50

NEW How to Build a Bigger and Better Hydroponic Garden

by Ed Sherman

How to make a super-garden that will grow anything, anywhere, from scrap materials. #027 \$3.95

NEW The Primo Plant

by Mountain Girl

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NEW The Sinsemilla Technique

by Kayo

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The HIGH

Cocaine

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by Robert Sabbag

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NEW Cocaine Handbook

by David Lee

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Hashish

Cannabis Alchemy: The Art of Modern Hashmaking Deluxe Edition

by David Hoyle

Turn that moldy old bag of ditchweed into some hi-test hashish by simply following the method outlined in this book. Written specifically for the layman, with diagrams. #013 \$4.95

The Great Books of Hashish, Vol. 1

by Laurence Cherniak

A dazzling photographic essay on hashish around the world. You can get stoned just by looking at the pictures, *New West* said. #002 \$14.95

TIMES Bookstore

Miscellaneous

NEW The Natural Mind

by Andrew Weil

A new way of thinking about drugs and higher consciousness—an exploration of a subject that is all too often submerged in irrationality. #028 \$5.95

Kava-Kava, Famous Drug Plant of the South Seas

by E.F. Steinmetz

Learn about the use and effects of this amazing narcotic plant from the South Pacific. Brew up a batch of this potent beverage yourself and you'll understand why the natives are restless. #015 \$2.00

The Illuminati Papers

by Robert Anton Wilson

The best-selling author of the *Illuminatus Trilogy* and *Cosmic Trigger* further illuminates the age-old secret conspiracy that some say rules the world. A must for paranoid of all ages. #008 \$7.95

NEW The Pill Book

by Harold M. Silverman and Gilbert I. Simon

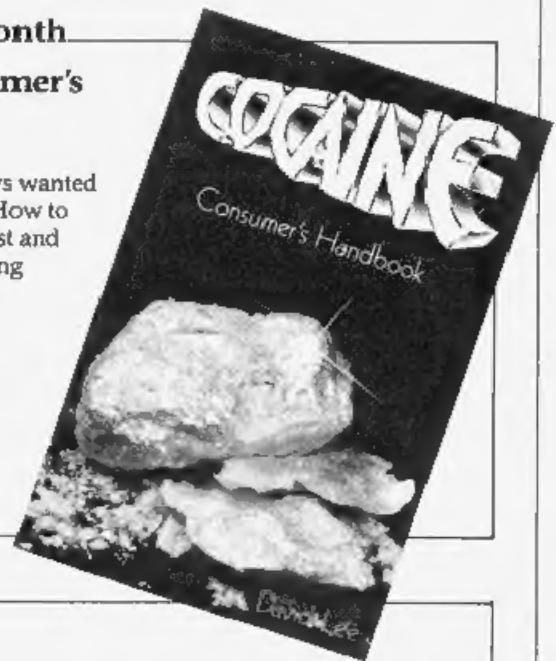
The indispensable illustrated guide to the 1,000 most commonly prescribed drugs in the United States. #022 \$3.95

Book of the Month

Cocaine Consumer's Handbook

by David Lee

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Cartoon

Zippy Stories

by Bill Griffith

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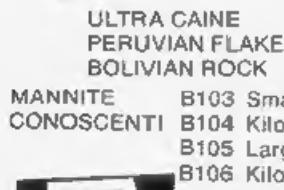
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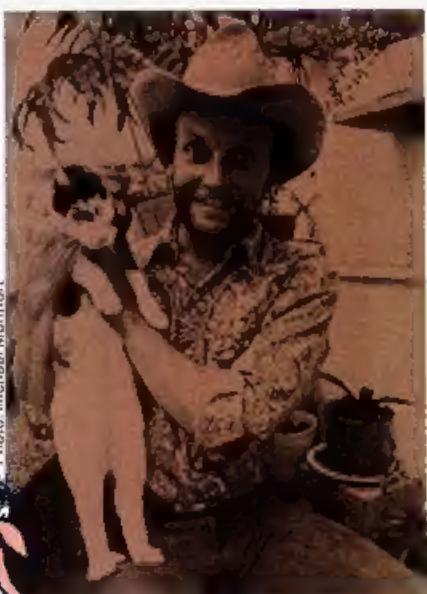
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FREAKS

Gilbert Shelton: Father of Freaks

by Chester Patton



Almost fifteen years ago, Gilbert Shelton created the underground heroes *Freewheelin' Franklin*, *Phineas* and *Fat Freddie*. Since then, the *Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*, published in comic-book form by Rip Off Press and serialized for a time in *HIGH TIMES*, have sold a million copies and have become as much a part of the fictive American landscape as the mythological John Wayne or J. Edgar Hoover.

Shelton met Dave Sheridan, the cartoonist behind *Dealer McDope* and *The Nurd*s, in 1974, while visiting a friend at the Cleveland Institute of Art. That same year they began working together on the *Freak Brothers*, "to upgrade the comics," Shelton said.

But late last February when his wife, Dava, was in her final month of pregnancy, Dave Sheridan learned he was dying of lymphatic cancer.

A week after Sheridan's death on March 28th, his daughter was born.

As Sheridan's end was sudden, he was unprepared to provide for his survivors, having no insurance and few savings. As part of a half-dozen benefits to raise money to defray the costs of the cancer treatment and Dava's maternity stay, Gilbert Shelton and Paul Mavrides, his partner on the *Freak Brothers* since 1980, were in Austin, Texas, to autograph and sell their and Sheridan's work.

The following is a hit-and-run interview with Shelton while he was in Austin for the Dave Sheridan benefit at Oat Willie's Campaign Headquarters, a 15-year-old "alternative lifestyle store" named after a Shelton character. (Contributions for the Dava and Dorothy Rae Sheridan Fund should be sent c/o Don Baumgart, Rip Off Press, Inc., P.O. Box 14158, San Francisco, CA 94114.)

Q. You recently returned to native American shores after a two-and-one-half year sojourn in Europe. What made you take your work overseas, and, perhaps more important, what made you return?

A. I was establishing contacts with European editors and cartoonists so I could come home and publish foreign stuff in Rip Off.

Q. I understand the *Freak Brothers* comics are translated into about a half-dozen other languages.

A. French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch and Danish editions of *Freak Brothers* have been published; and *Wonder Wart-Hog* in French, German, Spanish and Danish. The *Freak Brothers* are also published in the Finnish humor magazine *JYMY*.

Q. About three-quarters of the world shuns *HIGH TIMES* as a dangerous, decadent periodical and an instrument of evil. Do you encounter any problems of censorship or harassment with the *Freak Brothers* in other lands?

A. Any mention of drugs at all was prohibited in France until the middle '70s, so only about three pages of the *Freak Brothers* was published there before then. England occasionally delays shipments of the *Freak Brothers* at customs—just minor harassment. The *Freak Brothers* published inside Britain are not affected by that. On the average, things are about the same in Europe as here.

Q. What did Dave Sheridan contribute to the *Freak Brothers*?

A. Some of everything: writing, drawing, lettering...

Q. Like thousands of others, I have a great fondness for *Wonder Wart-Hog* ("A whiff of hog breath briefly revives the man"). What the hell is a wart-hog? Does it bear any relation to the wild boar of South Texas or the collared peccary of Latin countries?

A. I invented *Wonder Wart-Hog* back in '61 when I lived in New York. *Wart-Hog* was published in various Austin humor magazines (*Bacchanal*, *Texas Ranger*, the *Austin Iconoclast*). *Wonder* was also later published in *HELP!* and *Esquire* magazines in New York, then in *Drag Cartoons* and *Wonder Wart-Hog Quarterly*, published in Torrance, California. The story of the beginning of *Wonder* himself is told in chapter one of *The Nurd's of November*.

A warthog is African, a *microcephalus ethopicus* or something like that, three-feet high at the shoulder, and very ugly.

Q. I've been told by more than one person that you are a genius. Is this so?

A. I don't know.

Q. Your humor, attention to detail, skill at the drawing board and talented writing have all contributed to the radicalization of a second or even third wave of young and aging counter-culturists. Do you accept responsibility for this?

A. Wow! That sounds like a lot of responsibility. I'll have to get back to you on that.

Q. Is it difficult for you and Paul Mavrides to continue producing the *Freak Brothers* when the time and cultural conditions which spawned them are gone?

A. In most places I've been, the social conditions are the same or worse than the beginning of the '70s. The so-called Passage of Time does not necessarily mean that anything has changed, or even occurred. However, yes, it is difficult anyhow.

Q. Your comedic style and writing have influenced a great many of us. Is it off base to ask about some of your literary influences?

A. I'll borrow from anyone I can.

Q. You don't really take drugs, do you?

A. Well, today I had some coffee.

Q. Politically and socially it looks like we may be in for some ugly times. Is it harder to find funny things to write and draw?

A. Fortunately for us cartoonists, that seems to make it easier.

Q. What is the life span of a *Freak Brother*? Is the world ready for an 80-year-old hippie?

A. How about huge mobs of 80-year-old hippies? Isn't that where we seem to be heading demographically? That is, the old people in the U.S. will soon dramatically outnumber the young people, according to something I read someplace.

Q. Are we doomed?

A. Of course.

Q. Does it matter?

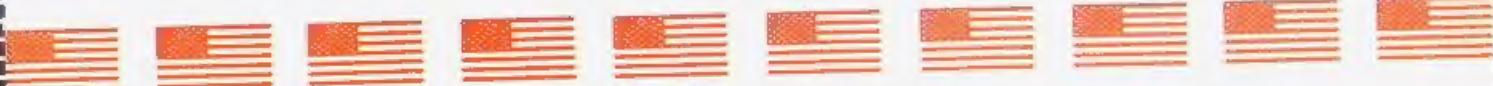
A. Well, maybe "doom" is too strong a word...

Beer Here!

They were urinating like racehorses up and down Pearl Street as the Fourth Annual Great American Beer Festival came to a close in Boulder, Colorado, this past June. Sponsored by the American Homebrewers Association, festival officials presented 39 beers from over 20 "micro" and small breweries across the nation specially selected for their distinctive quality and character. In addition, there was a homebrew competition with over 400 entries competing in 11 different categories. So here's to a long life and strong bladder for all the participants. L'chaim.



Steven Muller



Who's High



Contributing Editor Bob LaBrasca, who this month takes a look at the nation's top dope lawyers, should be no stranger to HIGH TIMES readers. In between shuffling papers and drinking coffee, LaBrasca pumped out the "Highwitness News" section up here for almost two years. (It was Bob, you may remember, who pulled the plug on an illegal DEA sting operation in March of '81—a story that made national headlines.) He then left New York for the avocado and guacamole dips of Southern California. "People come to California and say, 'Make me a star.' I say, 'Make me a health salad.'"

That's our Bobby.

The Great Marijuana Caper

"By Jove, Watson, I believe I've just discovered a schedule-one controlled substance."

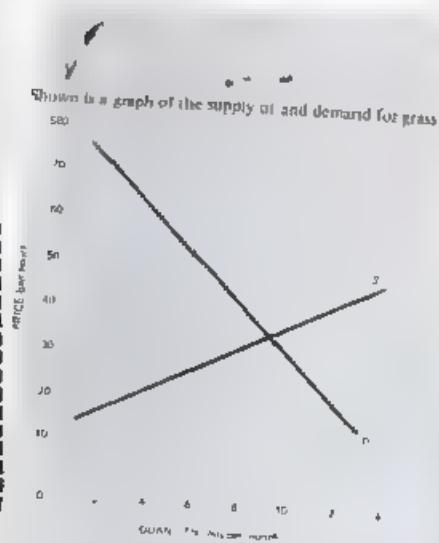
"No shit, Sherlock, now make with the meerschaum and let's get down."

FLASHES!

Test Your G.A. (Ganjanomic Ability)

Here's an exercise sent to us by Michael Pearce of Portland, Oregon, from a thoroughly modern economic textbook that he forgot to tell us the name of, and that we cannot track down. We showed it to the Connoisseur and he told us that he couldn't say for sure, but it was probably printed in Hawaii on 40-pound book white biodegradable paper by a small university press, shipped over to the mainland on an L-1011 cargo plane, distributed by a big New York house and published around 1979, 1980 the latest.

That helped a lot, but we still can't figure out the answers—can you?



(a) The equilibrium price is \$ _____ per lid, and the equilibrium quantity is _____ lids. If the price were greater than this, there would be a (shortage/surplus) in grass in the market and competition would force the price (up/down). If the price were less than this, there would be a (shortage/surplus) in the market, and competition would force the price (up/down).

(b) Assume that evidence is presented which shows that grass can be injurious to health and that at every price people want to buy 3 fewer lids per month. The equilibrium price would become \$ _____, and the equilibrium quantity would become _____ lids.

(c) If we assume that demand did not change but that the police increase their arrests of dealers, causing suppliers to want to sell 6 fewer lids per month at every price, then the equilibrium price would become \$ _____ and the equilibrium quantity would become _____ lids.

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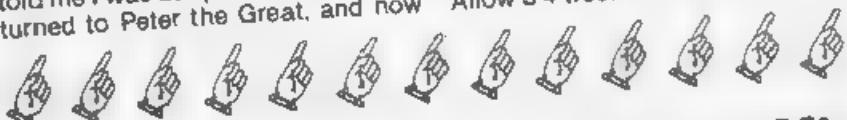




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Meanwhile, back at the office

MEMO

TO: Eddie

FROM: Andy

RE: Circul. #101

Not a bad idea. Why aren't there more subscribers to HIGH TIMES? I think we should look into this.

Park Sharks

Admon letter writer Stephen Thomas of who I wrote in a recent column, seems April 16 about getting rid of those hard soil drug dealers of Washington Square Park. I discovered who have half horsepower trains pushing for ton or two. Passersby train at night would rather buy a bone! Dear People! The antagonism toward beats' bandidos from a few fishermen than have one of these pesky scumheads grab an arm while delivering their pugnacious pitch for

From the Village Voice/Henry Smith



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Adolf Sanchez

Inscrutably Yours

Editor:

Ever wonder what happened to those spoon-shaped coffee stirrers McDonald's recalled a few years back after the hamburger giant learned that certain unsavory types were using them for something other than stirring their java?

Well, old Ronald McDonald—businessman that he is—wasn't about to get stuck with a warehouse full of coffee stirrers. So the crafty clown sent them to the last place on earth that people would think of using

them for such a dubious purpose—drug-free Japan.

A Japanese employee of McDonald's Co. (Japan), Ltd., when asked recently if he wasn't afraid young people here might not be tempted to use the tiny spoons in the same way, hesitated for a long moment, then answered tentatively, "Why use spoon for Coke when can drink through straw."

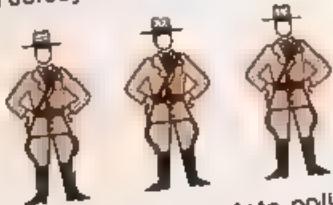
Ahhh so.

—Marc D. Beauchamp
Tokyo, Japan

Jersey Jinx

Editor:

Do you know why dope prices are so much higher in the HIGH TIMES offices than in my home state of Florida? No, it's not because of the Arabs, Interstate Commerce Commission or unscrupulous growers overcharging for their pot. The answer lies directly to the south of you—that's right, the butt-end of late-night talk-show jokes, the state ranked number 50 in desirable places in the U.S. to live—New Jersey.



It seems that the state police of New Jersey have their own guidelines when it comes to determining probable cause—number one being a license plate from Florida. It also seems they're all equipped with noses that would put a bloodhound to shame. How else would you characterize the ability to sniff out a

triple-wrapped bale inside a fully zippered vinyl suitcase enclosed in the locked trunk of an automobile, at 100 paces? If that isn't enough, they have 24-hour judges who'll issue search warrants at the drop of a roach clip. But don't take my word for it. Take the word of the state judge who sentenced me after a 16½-pound bust: "I'd like to take out a full front-page ad in the Miami Herald stating, 'Any one coming through the state of New Jersey carrying drugs had better be prepared to spend a year in our jails.'"

—Name and Address Withheld

The Mouse That Roared

Editor:

I enjoy reading your magazine very much, especially articles on the exploits of drug-culture heroes. My problem is that my wife belongs to the Moral Majority and makes me go to church so often that I don't get much of a chance to meet these types of people. Getting laid is a bitch, too.

What I want to know is, will subscribing to HIGH TIMES put me on the snoot list of the DEA, FBI, IRS, etc? Also, where should I go to meet

Connoisseur Controversy

Editor:

I smoke pot. I like to smoke pot. I also read HIGH TIMES religiously. But the April column by "R." is just too much. I don't know if he finally found the herb of the gods or if he is just an idiot. I took his pot-smoker's qualification test and failed, but I know it's a crock of shit because I'm a sailor in the United States Navy, and if that doesn't qualify me, nothing does. We are the hard-cores of this fine country and smoking pot is the only way we have of putting up with the bullshit they dish out to us. The penalties are high—just for one joint you get 45 days restriction (like jail), 45 days extra duty (two hours a night extra work) and here's the biggie: one-half month's pay for two months. It works out to about \$1,000. But with risks like that it's sooooo much more exciting to smoke a joint. So, "R." next time you come up with a fucked-up quiz like that again, don't.

—G.T.

Okay, I'm convinced. We'll make an exception in your case—you qualify.

—"R."

Editor:

Thanks for the April Connoisseur by "R." Reptile brain smokers have bastardized cannabis use and have neglected or failed to experience the intellectual and spiritual stimulation it provides. Give us more on spiritual awareness and the consciousness-raising properties of cannabis.

—Susieap
Bangor, Maine

Sure, you bring the dope and I'll bring the consciousness.—"R."

smugglers and dealers? I can fly and sail and I'm very brave—except in the presence of my wife.

—Name and Address Withheld

In over seven years of publishing we have never known anyone to get into difficulties solely on the basis of a subscription to HIGH TIMES. Our subscription list, once locked in a safe in our lawyer's office, has since gone on computer and on occasion is loaned to NORML. As to where you can go to meet smugglers and dealers—forget it, you've got enough problems already.—Ed.

"Give The Lady
What She Wants"



WARNING: As repressive state and local laws against these products close your local head shops these products may become scarce so stock up now.

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D White Lady Caine					15.00				80.00	500.00	800.00	
E Ephedrine Rock									80.00	500.00	800.00	
F Superior Cane Rock	10.00		12.00		30.00		60.00	100.00	600.00	1000.00		
G Super Caine	10.00			20.00		34.00	60.00	100.00	600.00	1000.00		
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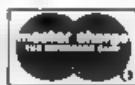
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Great Dealer's Lines I Have Heard

by "R"

Great dealer's lines. If you've bought a few ounces in your time, you must know a few of these ingenious, seductive selling slogans. Grass dealers are, of course, salesmen, some of the greatest in the long tradition of great American salesmen. Many are the times I've found myself walking home from a visit to some smoke-easy with a half-ounce purchase, muttering to myself with sheer admiration at the skill and subtlety with which I was talked into choosing that particular lid.

You know the situation. You've sampled several kinds of grass at a certain establishment. You're high. You're happy. But so far you haven't committed yourself to a particular purchase.

At this point, if the dealer isn't yet bored from hearing you happily rapping away, he'll at least want some assurance that he's going to get more out of the transaction than an hour of your dynamite insights you get on his free samples.

He'll want you to make a choice.

You, for your part, will hesitate. Which one to choose? Was this Colombian really as good as the stuff he had last month? Should you wait till next week when he might have something even better?

"Uh, will you still have this stuff over the weekend," you venture, "if I come back?"

"Well," the dealer will say, "a friend of mine is coming over tonight—a jazz musician, played with Miles. He's got to fly to Jamaica for some studio sessions with the Stones, and they begged him to bring all I've got left of this stuff down there because the local Jamaican never measures up to this. So I guess it won't be around again."

Now that's a great dealer line. It combines urgency (buy now or forever curse your fate for missing out on this once-in-a-lifetime, never-again deal) snob appeal (I've never met a dealer who doesn't claim that at some point he sold to some-

one who supplies smoke to the Stones) and a guarantee of righteousness (the jazz-musician element).

Variations on the buy-now-or-regret-it-later line are, "I usually don't sell this stuff. I just keep it for my personal stash—my old lady just gets so turned on when she smokes it that I'd hate to run out of it" (the aphrodisiac twist on the personal stash line).

Then suppose you inquire if there might be another load coming from the tropics or wherever that might be just as good.

"Well, the thing is," the shrewd dealer will reply, "this grass was so strong that the Colombian government sent out a special SWAT team to burn the fields it was grown in, and sow salt in the soil to prevent anything this powerful from being unleashed on the world again."

Or he might say: "Better stuff like this coming along? Well, I think it's more likely they'll discover intelligent life in other galaxies before better grass than this comes along."

Then again he might have some "Venezuelan" grass on hand. It looks and smells like the ordinary Colombian you've grown tired of. Why Venezuelan? you ask.

"Didn't you know?" he'll say, in shock at your ignorance.

"The soil in Colombia has been seriously depleted from over intensive pot cultivation. It'll take years to recover. Meanwhile in Venezuela they've got the same soil conditions used to grow the really dynamite early Colombian. This stuff is just like Santa Marta gold. It doesn't look gold because the Venezuelans don't have the cosmetics down yet, but it gets you high just like the good old days."

The appeal to the greatness of grass past is a staple of great dealer lines. You'll hear just like Santa Marta gold," or

They call this wacky weed ju mor" or "son of Chiba" or "This is California-grown since, but it's so much like the original Maui wowie that you've got rich growers from Hawaii flying to California just to cop an ounce."

continued



Rich McManamy

I've never met a dealer who doesn't claim he sold to someone who supplies smoke to the Stones.



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These fine, exotic pipes are individually set with turquoise, jet, mother of pearl and serpentine into an elegant vermillion wood.

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It's interesting that the common characteristic of many great dealer lines is that they constantly paint a picture of a world of glory about to die—if you don't buy this particular lid of grass today you'll regret it the rest of your life because nothing like it, nothing as good, will ever come again. The Golden Age of grass is always just about to die and you're about to miss out on the last few crumbs of glory.

Of course, when you return next month you find out that the Golden Age has lasted a little longer, but again, time is running out fast.

Probably my favorite of all-time great dealer lines is the one I heard the other day at a certain smoke-easy. There I was, smoking away sampling some Central American imports that seemed very promising. I had just moved on to a mysterious dark brown twiggy sinsemilla said to be from Sandinista sources in Nicaragua. There was another guy sampling with me and we'd already been through some Jamaican lamb's bread and a sample of Guatemalan jungle ganja. "Last week a guy returned this stuff and asked for his money back," our host said indicating the Sandinista lid.

"He didn't like it?" I asked.

No," said the smoke salesman. "He claimed it was too strong."

Too strong. Great dealer lines often verge on the deliberate tall tale, the touch of legend and myth. Because when you're buying grass, you're also buying the whiff of exoticism, of danger, of intrigue and adventure that comes with it. I've noticed that most weed connoisseurs, like wine connoisseurs, like to brag on their reefer. Great dealer lines give them something to say at parties when they pass around a joint: "The president's son smokes this stuff, gets it from my dealer." "Two pilots died trying to bring this load in." "I hear the HIGH TIMES Connoisseur speaks highly of this particular pot."

I've tried that last line myself. Sometimes at a party of serious cannabis connoisseurs, wrapped in my cloak of anonymity, I'll test out my image by saying, "Someone told me that 'R.' the HIGH TIMES Connoisseur, refuses to smoke anything but this Belize breeze these days."

"You know the HIGH TIMES Connoisseur?" they'll marvel.

"What's that guy really like?" some attractive young woman will sigh. "I mean, is he as cool as he sounds in his column?"

In fact, in the spirit of generosity for which I'm known far and wide, I'll give all of you out there permission to pose as my friend.

Next time you go to your dealer and are faced with a tough choice, tell him or her that you're going to be introduced to the Connoisseur and you want to bring him a sample of the very best in town—which is it and why.

That ought to inspire some good dealer lines. Write and tell me what they are. □

SCANDALS,
BUSTS, AND
DEEDS OF
DERRING-DO

★ FINAL ★

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

LATEST
DOPE
PRICES

Sept. '82
No. 85

HIGH TIMES UNDER ATTACK

ADVERTISER IS DEA FRONT

L O N D O N , K E N T U C K Y

ONCE AGAIN, THE DEA IS BEHIND A CRIMINAL ENTERPRISE and is busting the criminals it creates. Like Buckeye Scientific Company, a mail-order chemical supply house exposed two years ago in HIGH TIMES as a DEA front, two new operations have surfaced as DEA setups: Apex Publishing Company, a numbered post-office box in New York City, advertised from October 1981 to July 1982 in HIGH TIMES classifieds, and Georgia Laboratory Supply Company, in Decatur, Georgia, acted in tandem to snare would-be drug chemists. Together, the two fronts would furnish everything needed to rig an illicit lab—from synthesis reports detailing formulas for controlled substances to the chemicals and lab equipment to professional advice from an incognito chemist known only as "Willie."

At this writing, a tape-recorded voice was still answering the phone at Georgia Laboratory Supply Company and kindly asking callers to leave their names and telephone numbers. The Apex Publishing Company was pulled from the August HIGH TIMES just as the issue was going to press, and, of course, will never grace the magazine's pages again. HIGH TIMES editor and publisher

continued on next page

If anyone you know has been arrested after having dealings with Apex Publishing Company or Georgia Laboratory Supply Company, or if you have any information about these and other suspect mail-order firms, please write Highwitness News, HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023.

OPPORTUNITIES

Educational material—easy to read and understand synthesis reports (P-2-P, DMT [specify], etc.). APEX PUBLISHING CO., P.O. Box 845, Times Square Sta., New York, NY 10036.

MAGAZINE SEIZED IN GEORGIA

BAINBRIDGE, GEORGIA

AN OVERZEALOUS DISTRICT attorney in south Georgia has seized copies of HIGH TIMES from a convenience store and charged the owner with a violation of the state's Head Shop Act, even though not a bit of paraphernalia was in sight. As far as D.A. Gil Murrah could determine, this arrest was the first time the Georgia statute had been invoked to confiscate magazines. That the issues of HIGH TIMES were side by side with *Life* and *Glamour* and not cohabiting with pipes and spoons in a paraphernalia shop made no difference since

Murrah "found it incredible that that information could be published legally." Murrah was after HIGH TIMES and only HIGH TIMES. Pornography held no interest. According to store owner Dan Bernard, the D.A. bypassed a rack of cellophane-wrapped lurid books and told him simply to put them away. For seven copies of HIGH TIMES Murrah wants to put Bernard, his wife, Diane, and his 18-year-old cashier, Jackie Thompson, away.

Bernard's attorney, Ron Lane, plans to challenge the Georgia statute for violations of First Amendment protections of free speech, among other defenses for his clients. The case could have far-

ranging implications on what Georgia residents are allowed to read—in any field.

HIGH TIMES publisher Andy Kowl strenuously protested the confiscation and committed the magazine's resources to a full-fledged court challenge. Nationally renowned criminal lawyer Michael Kennedy will be supporting Lane in his attempt to roll back the blatant prior censorship of the Georgia statute.

No Drug Pubs

The statute Murrah bent to charge Bernard prohibits the distribution of materials that contain advertising for drug-
continued on page 21

ADVERTISER IS DEA FRONT

continued from p. 19, col. 1
Andy Kowl placed an immediate ban on all advertising purporting to supply illicit chemicals and so-called synthesis reports. The next move is up to the DEA, which, apparently, has innumerable fake identities with which to mask its tactics.

HIGH TIMES was not the only magazine to be used by the DEA's front operations. Apex and Georgia Lab had run classifieds for several months in *Rolling Stone*. Yet after reviewing the evidence linking the two advertisers to the DEA, classified advertising director Larry Peters canceled the ads and formulated a new policy of refusing to accept any ads from mail-order chemical supply houses.

Blowing DEA's Cover

Apex and Georgia Lab are casebook exercises illustrating the DEA's penchant for attempting to maneuver previously innocent parties into allegedly guilty positions. By blowing the cover off these

two scams, HIGH TIMES derails, if only temporarily, one of DEA's more treacherous and questionable techniques.

DEA's involvement in Apex and Georgia Lab was brought to the attention of HIGH TIMES initially by a letter from three luckless would-be chemists nabbed in the feds' sting operation. Writing from the Laurel County Jail in London, Kentucky, Gary Sampson outlined how he, his brother, Justice Kelly Sampson, and Roland Colyer came to be busted early one March morning on an island in the middle of Pulaski County Lake. Sampson's story was later verified by documents obtained from the DEA through the process of discovery by the defendants' attorneys. The following version is an admittedly one-sided account, since three separate DEA agents chose to make "no comment" on the ongoing HIGH TIMES investigation. Meanwhile, the three defendants each face up to ten years in prison and maxi-

mum fines of \$30,000 on counts of conspiracy and possession of mescaline with intent to distribute. (At press time, it was learned that all three pleaded guilty to conspiracy and each face up to five years imprisonment. The other charges were dropped.)

A regular reader of HIGH TIMES, Gary Sampson answered Apex's classified ad with a letter dated November 4, 1981, a copy of which was later served up to his attorneys by the DEA. In his letter, Sampson enumerated an extensive request for "synthesis reports" on 14 different controlled substances, including P-2-P, the precursor for manufacturing methamphetamine; lysergic acid; piperidine; and morphine. Apex, *per se*, didn't respond, but forwarded the letter to Georgia Lab. Soon, Sampson received a catalog from Georgia Lab that listed the chemicals required for mixing virtually every controlled substance known. The catalog's cornucopia of offerings were made to anyone, no mention was made of any licensing proof required from the prospective buyer. Sampson was also drawn in by the promise that all names and requests would be kept confidential. True, the DEA did keep that promise—for a few months.

Feds Advise Prospective Drug Chemists

With one call to Georgia Lab, Sampson thought he was finally getting his lab off the drawing board, according to DEA's version of events. In 20 or so subsequent conversations, the mail-order chemical supply house proved more than anxious to please. Sampson's attorneys later acquired 90-minute cassette tapes of the exchanges from the DEA.

The helpful folks at Georgia Lab offered to connect Sampson with their chemist, "Willie," and warned him not to use last names. "Willie" turned out to be an endless resource, advising Sampson on the correct combination of chemicals and the potential dangers in constructing a lab.

At last, with all the bugs

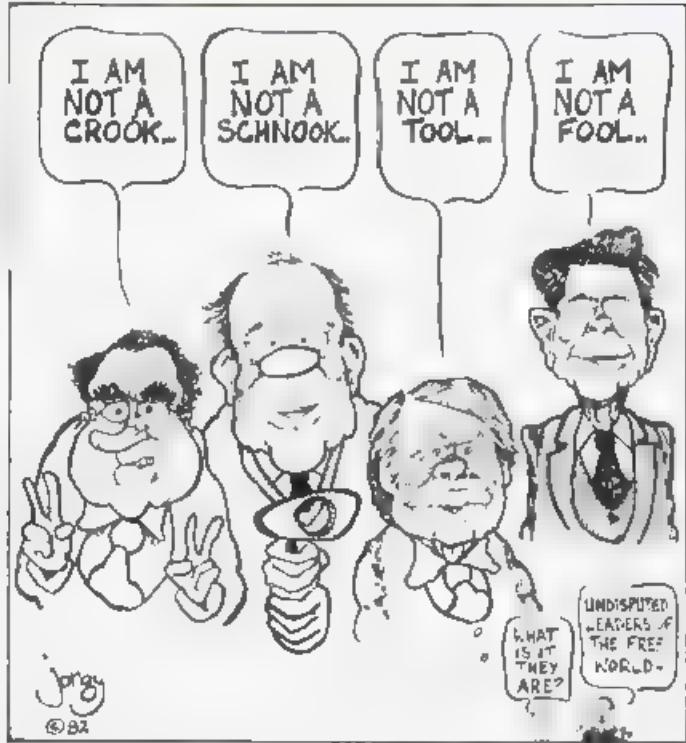
worked out, Sampson was ready to place an order. According to the government charges, he sent Georgia Lab a \$200 money order in mid February as the down payment for 11 different chemicals and nine pieces of equipment. The lab shipped the order via UPS to London, Kentucky. In one of the pieces, a magnetic stirrer, was a beeper tracking device.

The trio allegedly picked up the package at UPS in London and brought it to an apartment there, all supposedly under DEA surveillance. About a week later, the feds trailed them to a cabin on an island at the Lost Lodge Fishing Resort in backwoods Pulaski County. Unfortunately for the Sampsons and Colyer, the resort was not quite lost enough. According to government charges, the lab had been set up and the mescaline was purportedly in the drying process, 12 to 13 hours away from being ready, when federal and state agents burst in at 7 A.M. on March 26. The hapless chemists were later charged with having manufactured 117 grams of mescaline. Their trial began in late June at the Federal Court for the Eastern District of Kentucky in London. With Judge Eugene Siler, a former U.S. attorney who has a reputation as one of the toughest judges in the district, presiding over the trial, defense attorneys are not expecting an easy time.

The investigator in the case, Doug Wilson of the federal Public Defender's Office in Lexington, said that the defense would be trying to prove entrapment. He acknowledged, however, that the DEA had scrupulously insulated itself since it had relied on Sampson to make the first moves. According to Wilson, Georgia Lab is far from the only chemical supply company with ties to the DEA—it's just the most directly linked. Even the legitimate companies, operating under what Wilson called a "tickler system," will tip the DEA off if suspiciously large orders for controlled substances are made, even by licensed purchasers.

The Sampsons and Colyer, of course, had no license for their buys, nor did Georgia Lab request one from them. It offered a promise of confidentiality instead. **HT**

JORGY



DRUG MAG BAN ABANDONED

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA

The Oceanside city council has backed down from its initial approval of an ordinance that would have banned "books, magazines, tapes or records or other materials which glamorize or idealize the recreational use of drugs." Pressure from various media including *Newsweek*, *Time* and the *San Diego Union*, and NORML, the American Civil Liberties Union and ACTION, forced the reversal, according to deputy city attorney David Clyde, author of the ordinance. "It might well be an infringement of the First Amendment," Clyde opined, "and we were worried that we were getting involved in prior restraint."

Clyde and city attorney Charles Revlett warned the city fathers and mothers of this retirement community of 80,000 that their proposed ban might very well be unconstitutional. But the council had seen that the marines from nearby Camp Pendleton had been restricted from entering the city's one or two paraphernalia shops and they decided to try to ban everything in sight having to do with drugs—initially, at least. Refusing to listen to the advice of the city attorneys and the mayor, council-member Melba Bishop browbeat other members into pushing through the ban. "I don't believe the First Amendment gives publishers the right to print magazines that tell people how to kill themselves," she fumed. "The First Amendment doesn't cover that—I don't care."

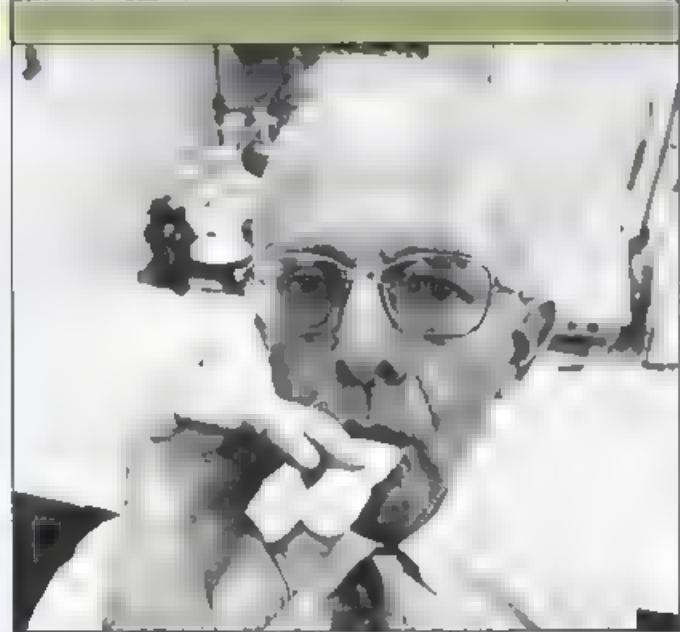
"It was probably a political ploy on her part," deputy city attorney Clyde explained.

To Jerry Korn, who has stopped selling paraphernalia in his store Inner World after ten years in business, the proposed ban reminded him of Hitler's book burning. "For a public body to come off the wall and ban any books, even those advocating drug use, is sheer irresponsibility."

Contacted in New York, HIGH TIMES editorial director Larry Sloman asserted that the proposed ordinance should not affect HIGH TIMES since the magazine clearly does not "glamorize or idealize" the use of drugs. "It is readily apparent to our readers that our magazine points out the down side of using drugs as well as any benefits of drugs in altering your consciousness," Sloman told the *Los Angeles Times*.

Under Oceanside's revised ordinance, the prohibition against the sale and display of drug paraphernalia remains in force.

The Southern California harassment continues in Escondido, where the council there has required purchasers of paraphernalia to register their names, ages and addresses with shopkeepers. In addition, headshop owners have to pay a \$150 licensing fee. They're also prohibited from selling to minors under 18, a provision modeled after a similar law passed in Hoffman Estates, Illinois. However, most law-enforcement officials acknowledge the Escondido ordinance will have little effect on stopping drug use and see the law as having more form than substance. "We aren't going to be spending every day checking on who bought the stuff," commented police chief Jim Connole. Still, the law's potential for snooping remains—just in case.



Attention shoppers! This handy device is 100 percent effective in detecting marijuana on the breath for up to three hours. Watch inventor Dr. Stanley Gross of UCLA blow into the cigar, while inside the miracle cotton trap THC for later lab analysis. Join the military and industry who may soon breath-test thousands. Avoid the rush. (Since the device measures only if, not how much, marijuana's been ingested, law enforcement is less interested.) Only \$10-\$12 a test. Brought to you courtesy of the National Institute on Drug Abuse at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars research funding.

Kerry M. Mazzoni photo

MAGAZINE SEIZED IN GEORGIA

continued from p. 19, col. 2
 related objects not available legally in Georgia. Another section of the law, the one that made the possession of drug-related objects themselves illegal, was itself held illegal and unconstitutional. Therefore, some items, like rolling papers, remained legal in the state. However, according to Murrah, the 11th-circuit court recently overturned a lower-court ruling and reinstated the provision making possession of drug-related objects a crime.

Murrah's vendetta against HIGH TIMES began last fall when he saw a law-enforcement officer reading a copy. The D.A. said it was the first time he'd seen the magazine and he took it home to peruse. Evidently astonished by the content, Murrah began to make inquiries about the magazine and noted some complaints from par-

ents. "My research indicated it [HIGH TIMES] was a violation of the law," said Murrah. The D.A. denied that there was any outside pressure on him to make this test enforcement of the statute. "I initiated the entire proceeding," he said.

In mid May Murrah walked into the Mr. Pipp's store in Bambridge, one of three Bernard owns. Unrecognized by Bernard and his wife, Diane, he bought one copy of HIGH TIMES from the 18-year-old cashier, and handed the bagged mag to Decatur County sheriff's deputy B.J. Clenney, whom Bernard had known for years, arrested the three, took them to jail, booked them and released them on \$500 bond each. Pleading not guilty to the misdemeanor charges, each of the three face a maximum penalty of \$1,000 and a year in jail. No trial date has been set.

AMAZONIAN INDIANS DISCOVER COCADOLLARS

by Berta Sichel

B R I O D E J A N E I R O, B R A Z I L

THOMAZITO, RAISED IN THE never-ending rain forest of the Alto do Rio Negro, is the first Colombian Indian ever to gain a pilot's license, his friends claim. He flies several times a day across the unguarded border between Brazil and Colombia, carrying passengers on the 40-minute hop at \$200 a seat. Though most of his passengers are rain-forest Indians themselves, none complain about Thomazito's extortionate carriage fees. They work in the new coca fields and kitchens around the Alto do Rio Negro, and their Colombian buyers furnish the expenses copiously. The Indians who fly with Thomazito are expe-

rienced coca workers, independent producers who deal with the Colombian *mafias* on a nearly equal standing.

The coca industry has brought upward mobility to the Brazilian jungle—with a rush. Pedro Jesus, for instance, at 37, is still in his apprenticeship at coca husbandry. He is one of the scores of forest Indians who, every day, hitch boat rides for long miles up the Vaupes River to Mitú, right on the border between Colombia and Brazil, to work in the extensive coca terraces there.

Pedro Jesus spent years at a convent of the Salesian Order, a Catholic mission



Rain-forest Indians welcome one of civilization's contents. Cocaine profits may bring them designer jeans next.

Courtesy: Alfaqam's Photo Service

ary outfit which serves the jungle Indians. They taught him to be a piano player, a trade for which there is not much call in the jungles of western Brazil. It is a profoundly undeveloped area, much treasured by anthropologists and missionaries, where people still live on fish and pig and manioc root. Rumors of uranium deposits around the Alto do Rio Negro, however, have attracted just enough civilization to the region to literally decimate the jungle people with new infectious diseases and alcoholism. The Brazilian government's equivocal Indian "protection" agency, FUNAI, has been openly charged, in the international press, with carrying out pre-meditated ethnocide against Indians all over the country, and is neither appreciated nor trusted anywhere. So Pedro Jesus has been learning how to grow coca and lab the leaves down to cocaine paste.

Mitú is the central *entrepot* of a vast new agricultural enterprise which involves coca terraces and bush laboratories scattered over hundreds of square miles. Brazilian police last year located 13 labs along their stretch of the Uapes alone. Economic coca growing requires considerable careful labor, and

at harvest the leaves must be converted on the spot in to transportable cocaine *pasta*. The Indians excel at all this, both on the terraces and in the unvalled, thatched-roof jungle kitchens, where they handle the necessary paraphernalia—mason jars of chemicals, plastic buckets of soggy leaves, gauze strainers—deftly and efficiently. They load their polyethylene-bundled *pasta* in to the same dugout canoes from which they formerly speared fish, and paddle it to Mitú by night, guarding it with old shotguns against hijackers.

Every morning, therefore, Mitú's little airport commences to bustle with incoming traffic: sleek young *mafiosos* from Barranquilla and Bogotá carrying ugly metal suitcases with combination locks, full of American, Colombian and Brazilian currency. The *mafiosos* haggle professionally over bundles of *pasta*, and whole vats of finished crystal chunk prepared in labs close to Mitú. The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration recently appraised samples of this Indian-labbed cocaine for the Brazilian *federales*, and delivered a connoisseur's opinion. "Just superb," they smiled. The Colombian *mafias* certainly concur, because the



In this ethnic Amazonian kitchen, the chef practices his own version of *nouvelle cuisine*, delicately shaping the coca *pasta* for demanding patrons.

money they spend on it is phenomenal.

The 70-odd isolated Indian villages downstream from Mitú would be nearly unrecognizable to anthropologists today. The people wear European and American clothes and wristwatches, and in their mud wattle lodges are radios, tape recorders, pocket calculators, Pong games and every sort of absurd electronic gimmick. The Catholic bishop of Mitú, the Right Reverend Belarmino Correa Yépes, estimates that 60 percent of the Indians of the Alto do Rio Negro work for the Colombian *mafias* and the remaining 40 percent work for the Indians in the coke trade. He's realistic about it.

"The easy money, the chance to buy food and clothes and have a better standard of living is real, and because of that it will be impossible to return the Indians to any other sort of work. He notes that the cultivation of manioc, the Indians' basic and ubiquitous staple for thousands of years, has virtually ceased now. "They'd rather buy a can of sardines." (As would anyone who's ever tasted manioc root.)

Pedro Jesus agrees that there's no going back from the dope trade for the Indians, who were pretty much

marked for extinction before the coca business extended into the region. Now the only way the government could eradicate the industry, he believes, would be "to throw a bomb in the jungle and kill everybody."

The pattern for most Indians of the region appears to be one Uanamo Tomas, 57 years old, who set up his own independent terraces and kitchen a few years ago, and managed to rake in a very respectable income before the *mafiosos* got wise to him. After 52 Alto do Rio Negro independents were killed by the Colombians last year, Uanamo nearly became the fifty-third casualty, but slipped out of the fracas with his life and most of his land intact. Now he dresses like a fashionable São Paulo cosmopolitan, with plenty of flashy jewelry, and is deliberating whether to open a gas station or to put his former coca terraces in coffee cultivation.

Uanamo Tomas spent almost all his life in a loincloth, hunting and fishing along the upper Amazon watershed. "All they ever taught me was religion," he says of FUNAI and the missionaries. After just a few years in the coke trade, though, he's managed to set himself up for a long comfortable retirement. **HT**

Michelin's guide to Mitú, on the Colombian-Brazilian border, is a must for the well-traveled coke trader.



MARIJUANA-DEALING MOTHER FINED \$1 MILLION

NASSAU COUNTY, NEW YORK

THE SLAP-ON-THE-WRIST punishment for marijuana dealing is out; blockbuster confiscations are in—if a Long Island judge's decision starts any trends. Judge Raymond Harrington slapped a 42-year-old mother of three with a \$1-million fine and a year in jail for her role in a 12-person ring headed by a Hollywood producer.

Eleanore Kessler broke down crying in the Nassau County courtroom in late May and promised the judge, "I am very sorry for what I did. I want only to go home and obey the law." That is if her home is still there. Prosecutors in the case claim they're going to sue Ms. Kessler in civil court for the full amount, and, if necessary, go after her \$300,000 Long Island home and whatever price auctioning her antique furniture and paintings will bring. The district attorney was already a quarter of the way toward the million after the police seized \$268,000 in cash found in a safe in Kessler's Manhattan apartment. Claimed Kessler's attorney Stanley Meyer, "As far as I know, she doesn't have any assets," noting that her supplier owed her \$630,000 and that the D.A. would be welcome to collect on that. "If she wins the lottery, she'll be happy to pay," Meyer volunteered.

The justification for the huge fine comes from an odd state statute that allows the judge to assess the defendant twice whatever profit was made from any criminal enterprise. As it turned out, Ms. Kessler was enterprising indeed, and, to avoid going to trial, admitted in court that she had netted a \$500,000 profit on a \$9-million gross of 30,000 pounds of Colombian sold between September 1979 and May 1980. During that period she ran a classy East Side Manhattan store called Skatery Eights that specialized in designer roller skates.

According to court records, Kessler had been the East Coast distributor for Hollywood writer Robert Sterling,

producer of the 1979 movie *Winter Kills*, starring Jeff Bridges and John Huston. Sterling is now awaiting trial in Seattle and is "facing ten years at least," commented Meyer. Except for Sterling and one other member of the 12-person ring, everyone else pleaded guilty without going to trial.

One member who received a very lenient suspended sentence, in November 1981, for his role in the conspiracy, was



Kessler \$1 million poorer

composer Marvin Levy. At 48, Levy had been music critic for the now-defunct *New York Herald Tribune*, and more recently won plaudits for his opera *Mourning Becomes Elektra*, based on the play by Eugene O'Neill.

It was Kessler's caution that led finally to her arrest. Suspecting that her phones were tapped, she asked her electrician if he could suggest someone to check for bugs. The man tipped off the D.A., who assigned an agent to pose as a repairman for New York Telephone. According to court records, Ms. Kessler paid the phony repairman \$1,000 a month to keep her lines bug-free. Instead, he made sure the D.A.'s court-authorized wiretap stayed in place for eight months, during which the unsuspecting dealer used skating lingo for her negotiations. The phrase "The wheels are loose," for example, meant "The pot is powdery." In prison since December, she might just as well have been talking about her whole operation and its million-dollars' worth of rough pavement. **HT**

FALSE ALARM!

SALMONELLA OUTBREAK LAID TO TAINTED MARIJUANA

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

YET ANOTHER REASON for legalizing marijuana and subjecting it to federal inspection surfaced recently when an outbreak of salmonella food poisoning was traced back to grass imported (without inspection, of course) from Colombia and Jamaica.

Marijuana smokers may still be risking food poisoning if their grass has been adulterated by its South American producers with cattle manure, the federal Center for Disease Control has determined. Tainted weed has been linked to over 100 cases of salmonella poisoning around the country in a single outbreak in January 1981.

Victims of salmonella poisoning may undergo such nasty enteritis symptoms as fever, stomach cramps, nausea, vomiting and diarrhea, which can last a week in some cases. Nonetheless, it's simple enough to destroy the bacteria by baking the weed in an oven for a half hour at 140 degrees. Since the bacteria can easily be transmitted to small children by contaminated adults who've not fallen ill themselves, precautionary baking may make sense for suspect pot. Acute enteritis is also especially hazardous in elderly and debilitated persons.

The CDC has implicated tainted marijuana in only one food-poisoning outbreak, which occurred in January 1981. Since salmonella outbreaks generally occur in summer, this winter outbreak was odd, and seemed even more peculiar because the victims were almost entirely people in their 20s, or the children of people in their 20s.

Moreover, being at the start of the current recession, most of the victims were out of work and therefore weren't eating exotic restaurant food, the most common source of food poisoning. Thus, Dr. David Taylor of the CDC's Enteric Bacteriology and

Epidemiology Branch in Atlanta came to suspect tainted pot as the culprit.

After some forensic epidemiology, Dr. Taylor determined that almost all the victims, or their parents, had smoked grass about the time the illness had occurred. Samples of marijuana donated by the victims showed traces of *Salmonella muenchen* that were identical to the bacteria in the blood and feces of the victims. Taylor concluded that the bacteria probably came from traces of cattle manure that had probably been

though their weed-smoking parents didn't notice anything special in their own bellies. Since children generally have a much lower stomach-acid balance than adults, they are more susceptible to enteric bacteria.

"I think we're talking about a very rare occurrence," says Dr. Taylor. After reporting his salmonella findings in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, Dr. Taylor collected marijuana samples from 60 separate seizures made by the Drug Enforcement Administration from all over the

Though millions of people consume marijuana regularly, under existing legislation it can't possibly be checked under the most rudimentary sanitation standards. "I think it's another argument for legalizing it and making it another controlled drug," he told HIGH TIMES. He also remarked on the peculiar fact that many of the people most active in lobbying the government for pure-food inspections, clean-air provisions and so on, are also the likeliest to buy a lid of pot without very deeply considering where it came from, and what may have happened to it in transit.

People who incur stomach problems after smoking marijuana should send samples of their weed for salmonella testing. In New York the address is: Lab for Chromatography, P.O. Box 5237, 135-25 38th Ave., Flushing, NY 11352.

For a test, send about a joint's worth of grass, wrapped in tinfoil, along with a random five-digit number and a request that the sample be tested for salmonella. Each test costs \$20, payable strictly in cash. A week after mailing, call the lab at (212) 961-3200, and ask for the results.

Lab for Chromatography will also test marijuana for other contaminants, and will test other drugs for cuts and contaminants. Tests for contaminants other than salmonella cost \$10. **HT**

Poisoned pot is another argument for legalization, says CDC researcher.

added to a wholesale batch of weed to augment its weight and hence its wholesale price. This batch had evidently been pretty widely distributed, since this particular bacterium showed up in enteritis victims in Ohio, Michigan, Georgia, Alabama, California, Arizona and Massachusetts.

The highly infectious bacterium grew on traces of manure present in the weed. Victims transmitted it to their fingers as they rolled a joint, and to their lips as they smoked it; any bacteria in the joints themselves, however, would've been destroyed by burning.

Contaminated adults infected their children unwittingly by touching and kissing them. This pattern of infection, Taylor told HIGH TIMES, may have been similar to a salmonella outbreak associated with tainted chocolate balls a few years ago.

In the pot outbreak, many cases were reported in which small children contracted full-blown salmonellosis.

AH, SORDID CORRECTIONS

While we're at it, this is a good opportunity to correct a typo that appeared in the July issue of "Highwitness News." The correct mailing address for Up Front, Inc. in Miami, is: SP Lab, 5426 NW 79th Ave., Miami, FL 33166.

SP Lab is not outfitted to do salmonella testing, but will check for other drugs and contaminants, using the same procedure as the Lab for Chromatography, detailed above. The price for each test is \$15, and the number to call after one week is (305) 446-3585. **HT**

NATIONAL LEGAL DIRECTORY

The following is a list of criminal attorneys who handle drug related cases. Save this list for when you or someone you know needs to retain a lawyer, or clip the name of the attorney closest to you and keep it in your wallet.

The fees are determined by the type of case on an individual basis. These attorneys may refer you to other qualified attorneys if they cannot take on the case in question.

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TRANS-HIGH



QUOTATIONS

MARKET

BELGIUM

Marsh Jombo	rare but good	gm	5	
Congo Pot	low grade	gm	1,000	
Belgium bonzo homegrown	hardly smokable	oz	900	
Leb hash	smoke	gm	50	
Moroccan hash	decent	gm	3,500	
Black Nepalese hash	watch for canards	gm	4,000	
Black Afghan	King Kong hash	gm	12	4,000 9,000
Opium LSD	fresh and dreamy not too hot	gm	30	
Cocaine	stomped heavily	gm	5	
		gm	120	

ENGLAND

Leb hash	blenders and rods, typical	oz	100	
Moroccan hash	green sticks, some too dry	oz	1,000	
Paid hash	soft, spongy, potent	lb	200	
Cocaine	"Charles" to the witty English	gm	400	
		oz	2,200	

FRANCE

Commercial Colombian African pot	fashion designers only	oz	40	
	lots of smoke, mediocre	oz	80-100	
Leb hash	international favorite	gm	1	
Afghan hash	black, strong	gm	6	
Nepal hash	the best	gm	7,500	12
Cocaine	beautifully packed	gm	84	
LSD	art blot	one	7	
Hash oil	popular at parties	gm	21	
Opium	Turkish, tasty	gm	14	

MOROCCO

Cannabis pollen, double O powder	soft, chewy balls	gm	1	
Cannabis pollen, first class powder	like black chewing gum	gm	50	75
Loose buds (all)	8 inch buds, like Thai sticks from Amsterdam from West Germany red stars, clear blots	kg	20	
Cocaine	from Amsterdam	kg	40	
LSD	one	4		
Amphetamines	script Aphetin	gm	2,50	

THE NETHERLANDS

Commercial Colombian African buds	nothing to write home about too seedy	gm	4	
		kg	2,000	
		gm	4	
		kg	2,000	
Blond Leb hash	bottoms of the line	gm	7	
Moroccan hash	dried slabs	gm	8	
Red Leb hash	funny, colorful	gm	10	
Afghan hash	black, sticky, heavenly	kg	4,500	
Cocaine	rarely pure	gm	15	
LSD	blotter	100 gm	10,000	
		one	4-6	

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but prime	oz	150	
		lb	1,850-1,750	
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stony & stony	lb	180	
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	50-65	
		lb	560	

PORTUGAL

Mozambique pot	colas and banana buds	gm	2	
Moroccan hash	doubtful hash	kg	3	
Bolivian & Brazilian roke	direct import, potent	kg	75-100	
Methaqualone	buy from pharmacy	one	50	

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20	
Nepalese hash	fingers only	gm	250	
Pakistani hash	fresh, pressed	kg	15-20	
Afghani hash	greenish black, fun	kg	225-250	
Lebanese red hash	a choker	kg	175-200	
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$ great	kg	175-200	
Thai sticks	commercial, grade	kg	250-300	
Philippine pot	up & down	kg	5	
Moroccan	homemade	pint	3	

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins

Bath, Ohio	homemade shrooms	oz	1.0	
Salemton, Mo.	Marsh Jombo	lb	525	
Scranton, Pa.	redbud jombo	lb	475	
Wimberly, Mo.	Colorado	oz	30	
	homemade smoke			
	respectable			
Concord, N.H.	Santa Maria gold	oz	60	
Webster, Mass.	dirt Colombian	lb	450	
Knoxville, Tenn.	"Snooty" blotters	kg	175	
Santa Cruz	early leaf since several varieties	kg	50	
Dillingham, Wash.	fresh shrooms	kg	15	
Templeton, Ariz.	basic Mex	oz	20	

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	early bloomers available	oz	90-90	
Commercial Mexican	green & fresh	oz	10-40	
Top-grade Mexican	seedy but super	kg	65-80	
Mexican sinsemilla	better and better	kg	750-1,000	
Jamaican	higher prices	kg	100-150	
	overpriced	kg	900-1,250	
Jamaican sinsemilla	single	kg	35-40	
Commercial Columbian	drought conditions	kg	290-390	
Cannabis Columbian	doggy	one	10-25	
Thai sticks	back in earnest	kg	160-190	
Moroccan hash	sold only by the ounce	kg	1450-1950	
Korean pot	greenish black	kg	25-75	
Lebanese hash	that's what they say	kg	2200	
Black Afghan hash	prices down: glut	kg	60-100	
Nepalese fingers	yummy	kg	700-1200	
Paid hash	chunky cheese	kg	150-200	
'Shrooms	bits and pieces	kg	1500-1800	
Peyote	smells & tastes fresh	kg	20-40	
	tough to come by right now	kg	35-50	
		lb	300-500	

LSD

Cocaine	some superfly at up to 100 gm	oz	50-100	
Methaqualone	bags & bags of boots	one	4-6	
Crosses and black beans	erratic	kg	400-500	
Amphetamines	crystalline potent	gm	125	

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	some pretty good	oz	60-75	
Dominican sinsemilla	alarmingly potent	oz	50	
Mexican weed	most available	oz	50-65	
Manzanita sinsemilla	n/a	oz	225-300	
Thai sticks	lots of lumber	lb	2400-2650	
Lebanese hash	often too dry	gm	10	
Cocaine	some place unclear not much	gm	100-1000	
LSD	lots of boots	one	50-500	
Methaqualone	okay boots	one	5-50	

Hawaii

Puna buds	early buds	oz	50-50	
Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz	150-200	
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	75-125	
Maui wowie	brief visits	oz	125-175	
LSD	fresh from the lab for cheap	one	2-4	
Mushrooms	not a big mover	gm	75-125	
Cocaine	speedy relief	one	2000-3000	

VENEZUELA

Colombian marsh marijuanna	inconsistent	oz	15	
Colombian shabu	by the bagful, 80% seeds	100 lbs	100	
Colombian gold	blanched green and gold	oz	30	
Colombian Potosi	good goes to U.S. rest is here	oz	25	
Ric, a Venezuelan rainbow pot	luckless fume	oz	20	
Colombian coke	inferior grades mostly pink or white flakes, uncut	kg	40	
Bolivian coke	showcase blow, uncut	kg	55	
Peruvian fish scales	'barroca' to the local best buy	kg	60-70	
Coca paste	imported from Colombia	kg	20	
Lemon 714s	European, tiles, blots	one	10-15	
LSD	no shit, terrible	gm	20	
Colombian hash	Andean meemies, everywhere	kg	free	
Magic mushrooms				

WEST GERMANY

Moroccan hash	fresh	gm	7	
Leb hash	reds, grids	gm	4	
Afghan hash	manhole cover-size slabs	kg	60	
Primo Afghan	black and beautiful	kg	7	
Homogrown pot	getting the hang of	kg	10	
LSD	very little available	one	200	
Cocaine	available	gm	75	



ABUSE FILE



CHARGES

LSD has been accused of possessing awesome powers to make people do things they would not normally do, such as stare at the sun until blind, step out windows and in front of speeding trucks, or commit mass murder. LSD is said to cause madness, disorientation and unpleasant hallucinations. Recent reports state that the drug can be absorbed through the skin of the unwary that it stays in the system for years and that its effects can recur at any time.¹ Such statements are not based on scientific fact and only serve to confuse the public about LSD.

NATURE AND USE

LSD is a synthetic psychoactive drug derived from natural ergot alkaloids, which are produced by the ergot fungus growing on rye grain. LSD was first synthesized in 1938, but its effects were not discovered until 1943, when the compound was accidentally ingested by Dr. Albert Hofmann, a chemist for Sandoz Pharmaceuticals. LSD is powerful that dosages are measured in micrograms rather than milligrams.

During the '60s and early '70s, dosages of several hundred micrograms were the median. Users took LSD as a means to "consciousness expansion" and "cosmic liberation." In recent years, a standard dose has been 50 to 75 micrograms, taken recreationally for its euphoric effects. However, there are reports that doses in some areas have begun to climb back over 100 micrograms.² Typically, LSD is ingested orally. A tiny measured dose can be soaked into any pill or capsule, mixed into a thin gel and cut into small units (windowpane) or placed in series on pieces of paper (blotter acid). The onset of effects can range from 15 minutes to an hour.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

The hazards and liabilities of

LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE

ALSO KNOWN AS:
LSD, LSD-25, ACID,
BLOTTER ACID, WINDOWPANE.

Medical advice by David Smith, M.D.
Written by David Smith and Rick Seymour

The authors do not advocate the
use of any psychoactive substances.

LSD can be divided into acute effects and chronic aftereffects

Acute Effects

The acute effects occur during the acid experience and are commonly known as "bad trips." These can include anxiety, fear over loss of control, paranoia, delusions of persecution or of grandeur. Some people on LSD show decided changes in cognition and demonstrate poor judgment—"being God, but tripping over the furniture." Susceptibility to bad trips is not necessarily dose related, but does involve the experience, maturity and personality of the user. Smaller doses and widespread knowledge of how to handle them have greatly decreased the clinical incidence of bad LSD trips.³

Chronic Aftereffects

There are four recognized chronic aftereffects to LSD use: (1) prolonged psychotic reactions, (2) severe life-threatening depression, (3) flashbacks and (4) exacerbation of preexisting psychiatric illness.

It can be very dangerous for

someone with a history of psychological difficulties or psychiatric illness to take LSD. The prolonged psychotic reactions have similarities to schizophrenia and occur most often with prepsychotic personalities. These disturbances can be both severe and lengthy.

Flashbacks are transient spontaneous recurrences of psychedelic drug experiences that take place after a period of normalcy. The period of normalcy is what distinguishes flashbacks from prolonged psychotic reactions. Subjective reactions to flashbacks can range from pleasure to terror and anxiety. Flashbacks occur during times of stress, relaxation or everyday activities, during intoxication by alcohol, barbiturates or marijuana; and during ingestion of antihistamines and during viral infections. No one is sure what causes them.

Despite long standing myths about chromosomal damage, there is no evidence that LSD is retained in the body for extended periods. Although LSD use has been connected with the

perpetrators of some spectacular crimes (i.e., the "Manson family"), LSD itself does not appear to be a precipitating factor. Overdoses are not physically dangerous, nor is LSD habit- or dependency-forming.^{4,5}

FIRST-AID PLUS

Talkdowns of most acute LSD reactions can usually be accomplished without medication or hospitalization. Maintain a relaxed conversational tone. Avoid quick movements. Make the person comfortable, but don't impede freedom of movement. Let the person walk around, stand, lie down, smoke or whatever they'd like. This kind of activity may act to break the anxiety reaction. Keep the person from making any dangerous moves by gentle suggestion. Subdued lighting and sound, and restful surroundings help. Getting the person's mind off what's frightening about his experience and onto more positive aspects is critical. Physical contact can help, let intuition, empathy and self-confidence guide you. Flashbacks can be handled in the same manner.

Psychotic reactions, depression and exacerbations of psychiatric illness may call for hospitalization and the use of antipsychotic medication. In these cases, often long-term counseling and other treatment is necessary.^{6,7}

PRIDE: Parent Resources and Information on Drugs. Georgia State University, Atlanta, 1982.

²Dye, Christina A. Do It Now Foundation Information Specialist Persona communication, May 1982.

³Smith, D.E., Seymour, R.B., "The dream becomes nightmare: adverse reactions to LSD: their nature and treatment." *LSD Revisited*. Sidney Cohen and Stanley Krippner, Eds., Unity Press, Santa Cruz [in press].

⁴Whitfield, C.L., Smith, D.E., Seymour, R.B. *The Patient with Alcoholism and Other Drug Problems*, a clinical approach for physicians and helping professionals. Whitfield, C.L., Ed. Year Book Medical Publishers, Chicago, 1981.

⁵Smith, D.E. "Lysergic Acid Diethylamide: an historical perspective." *Journal of Psychedelic Drugs*, Vol. 1(1) Summer 1967.

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Al Goldstein is a living parody of anti-Semitism," one of his lawyers marveled to New York City reporters during a break in *Screw's* 1970 obscenity trial there. Goldstein was treating the press flacks to an orgy of grotesque Chinese food in a restaurant off Centre Street where he was about to be convicted of obscenity charges because of the dildo ads in *Screw*, which, the New York State Superior Court judges solemnly considered, could criminally elicit the prurient inclinations of women and homosexuals. On this day, Goldstein was issuing venomously obscene imprecations against the New York City prosecutor who'd wiped *Screw* off the newsstands for this bust, and Al's tiny mother was backing him up vigorously and emphatically from under her blond wig. The local press accordingly gave Al pretty favorable coverage that week, smut conviction notwithstanding.

And ten years later, a federal jury in Kansas decided that *Screw* couldn't possibly turn on queers, broads, little children or anyone else with an intact gag reflex. The Supreme Court in 1933 had deemed James Joyce's *Ulysses* to be "emetic rather than aphrodisiac," after all. If Joyce is merely puke making, how, then, could *Screw*—teeming with tongue-in-pudenda directions for superior cunnilingus, and first-person confessions of barnyard bestiality told from the point of view of the cow—how could *Screw* even remotely qualify as corruptive depravity?

The Kansas jurors, selected precisely for their hyper-Americanism, also turned out to be supremely revolted at the prosecution's tactics in setting up the bust. Some federal postal inspectors in Kansas had subscribed to *Screw* and busted Goldstein for interstate smut-peddling on receipt of the first copies. But since no one else in Kansas, before these feds, had shown any interest in *Screw* at all, the jury decided this was the sort of thing that might work in Russia but not here. After they unanimously cleared him, Goldstein flew the whole panel to New York for a historic party at the Plato's Retreat orgy club.

Nowadays, the paper runs articles with accompanying hard-core suck-and-fuck photos only in New York, replacing them with soft-core shots for the out-of-town editions. Goldstein is now farting through silk sheets. Having successfully sublimated his lifelong food problem into the acquisition of elaborate and ridiculous creature comforts, Al even looks quite dapper and handsome at about 175 pounds.

HIGH TIMES editors Larry Sloman and George Barkin went to interview Al Goldstein as pilgrims to the lap of the Buddha. Though they may make out to be sophisticated ultracool, hyperliberated young publishing pros, when it comes to the subject of women they can wax odious indeed. This whole interview is a living parody of anti-Semitism.



REPRODUCTIVE
& URINARY



GOLDSTEIN: Jewish guys are very gross because we don't take sex seriously

HIGH TIMES: So what you do with *Screw* is essentially a satire

GOLDSTEIN: It's a spoof. Anyone who could jerk off to *Screw* is blind. It's not a raunchy publication

HIGH TIMES: You can jerk off to the ads

GOLDSTEIN: The ads are good because they don't tell you much. They're fantasy and there's the promise of consummation. *Screw* is the antithesis of raunch. In the Kansas obscenity trial, nine of the jurists said *Screw* didn't appeal to their prurient interest. It was a contradiction of sex. It's like Terry Southern's *Candy*. It's hard to get aroused over *Candy* fucking the hunchback in the bathroom

HIGH TIMES: When *Screw* first started, though, wasn't it a vehicle for Goldstein's personal revenge on all the women who rejected him, all the institutions that fucked him over?

GOLDSTEIN: You're absolutely right. All the women who said no to me. It's cheaper than analysis. It's all the women who when I grabbed their tit said, "Oh, don't do that." All the women who when I had a hard-on and was trying to fuck them wanted to know if I would marry them. They're fucking cunts who extort things out of men. That's why I love prostitution. I like giving a hooker fifty or a hundred dollars and know I can come in her mouth.

HIGH TIMES: You like the control?

GOLDSTEIN: It's cut and dried and clear. There's a beginning and an end and it's mostly honest. There's no charade. I like to know I'm not obligated.

HIGH TIMES: Also, with a hooker you're not going with your hat in your hand saying "Please accept me."

GOLDSTEIN: Because money is power. But Jewish guys talking about sex, immediately it's like Mel Brooks doing his fart jokes. Because it's hard for us to put sex on the pedestal that Catholics do. They feel they're doing bad. We were just ignorant about sex, which is better.

HIGH TIMES: Do you equate sex and love at all?

GOLDSTEIN: I think love is nice. But it's separate from sex. When you throw it in, it distorts. Like when I take a shit and wipe my ass I don't want to feel I have to be thinking about Spinoza or Descartes. That's just taking a shit. I'm fucking, I close my mind, I close my eyes and it's how I'm feeling. It's friction on cock.

HIGH TIMES: How does your wife feel about it?

GOLDSTEIN: She thinks I'm a fucking adolescent. I'm immature, a retard. A Neanderthal.

HIGH TIMES: But she loves you?

GOLDSTEIN: She loves me but she feels I'm like the buffalo. I should sort of be put to pasture. I don't think men ever grow up. Women are more serious about sex. That's why I think men are good at it. We retain the ability to be totally adolescent and

Bug Al totes with former smut partner Jim Buckley and fellow smut publisher Hugh Hefner.

Courtesy of Screw Magazine

Al Goldstein

by George Barkin & Larry Sloman

The publisher of *Screw* on the sexual revolution, feminists, love, power and why he likes Haagen-Dazs chocolate chocolate-chip ice cream more than a blow job.

HIGH TIMES: It's been thirteen years now for *Screw*. How do you keep it up?

GOLDSTEIN: We grind it out. It's like a hooker turning tricks. You simulate everything. The fuck photos aren't real, my getting laid is fake. Nothing is real—it's all artificial and we just try to razzle-dazzle.

HIGH TIMES: I've never personally been able to jerk off to *Screw*.

GOLDSTEIN: I can't. First of all the photos are so shadowy. The print job is so bad. Also, you can't have a fantasy knowing how much that photo's gorilla cost you. A Jewish guy sees four dollars and ninety-five cents. I have to jerk off to *Penthouse*.

HIGH TIMES: How about *Penthouse*? I think that's the worst.

GOLDSTEIN: *Penthouse* I can do. *Playboy* is too wholesome. *Oui* I liked because the girls were leggy. Girls in nylons, that was raunchy.

HIGH TIMES: I like *Gem*—the home of the D-cups.

GOLDSTEIN: You're a tits man? I hate tits. I

like them like boys. I'm a faggot. For me it's a latent homosexuality. I like them thin, delicate, thin ankles. You fuck a big-titted girl, she's on your cock, those tits hit you in your face. You like that?

HIGH TIMES: I thought as you lost weight, maybe you'd develop a taste for heftier women.

GOLDSTEIN: I hate that. Rolls of fat. Disgusting. That reminds me of fucking Al Goldstein when he was huge.

HIGH TIMES: What was that like?

GOLDSTEIN: Terrible. Two people did it. Did your mother have big tits? You're probably just trying to fuck your mother.

HIGH TIMES: I did fuck my mother.

GOLDSTEIN: Was she a good fuck?

HIGH TIMES: Better than your wife.

GOLDSTEIN: See, when Jewish guys talk about sex they get disgusting. Next we'll talk about whether you put your finger in your ass and smell it after you fart.

HIGH TIMES: You anticipated the next question

shocking

HIGH TIMES: Would you rather lose your taste buds or lose your balls?

GOLDSTEIN: That's a good one. My balls, much more. Food comes first. Even while I'm eating pussy I'm dreaming about Haagen-Dazs chocolate-chocolate-chip ice cream. Because even when you come, even though it's intense, even sustaining an orgasm for maybe twelve seconds

HIGH TIMES: How long does it take you to come?

GOLDSTEIN: I try to be a good, sensitive fuck. I try to come with the girl. I'm a sensitive piece of ass because I want the woman to come back. But even a good orgasm lasts a few seconds. I feel like I'm going to die but then it's over. Food though, you can eat a pint of ice cream for minutes and minutes and then you can think about the ice cream store down the block.

HIGH TIMES: You must be miserable on your diet

GOLDSTEIN: I'm depressed all the time. That's like being the publisher of *Screw* and being a eunuch. Although the staff here, no one ever gets laid. They read about my exploits, they watch me eating pussy on *Midnight Blue*.

HIGH TIMES: It's interesting. You have a number of gay employees.

GOLDSTEIN: Faggots all over the place. Because they appreciate a job and they're loyal.

HIGH TIMES: And they give good head.

GOLDSTEIN: If you want that. One of my secretaries is a transvestite. On his birthday he wore a dress. He can wear a dress every day to work, I don't care. I won't take him on trips with me, though. Seriously, I don't care if somebody is gay or straight.

HIGH TIMES: In the early days of *Screw* you seemed homophobic. As it turned out, you seemed to open up and expand your views, but it's not reflected in the magazine.

GOLDSTEIN: The paper's still hostile to everyone.

HIGH TIMES: Why did your personal views change? Did you get satiated with the heterosexual sex?

GOLDSTEIN: No, I just think that most people are bisexual and I admit that I had gay experiences, so there's nothing to deny, which means I don't have to worry about defending any continuum of sexuality. I don't have a monopoly on what's good and bad. I'm totally accepting. But *Screw* will always abuse faggots and short guys and kikes. *Screw* is like a drunk at the bar who just fell off the stool and gets up, saying "You nigger bastard, why'd you trip me?" That's *Screw*'s role—to be a bad joke. My life is separate from *Screw*.

HIGH TIMES: How would you compare yourself to Hefner and Guccione?

GOLDSTEIN: I'm probably more honest about my sex life. Bob's a workaholic. He works twenty-four hours a day, he doesn't leave his house. I walk in the streets. I have a hack license. I still think I'm in the real world even though I'm wealthy. I was in my limo today and some truck driver saw



Courtesy of *Screw* magazine

me and he almost dropped his paul. My driver pulled over and I ran out and shook his hand. I'm recognized by bus drivers, they know I'm them. I still have their anger but I have money and power. I can fight the battles for them. I hate elitism. These other guys, they think they're better.

HIGH TIMES: You said you separate your home life from your *Screw* life. How can you? All the pictures of porn stars blowing you

GOLDSTEIN: It's complicated. I haven't worked it out yet. I don't know which is the healthy part and which is the neurotic part. When I'm on Fire Island for two days with my wife and son I'm bored out of my fucking mind because there's no stimulus—there's no fix of fame or celebrityhood. Here I'm able to call on my machine, I have four secretaries to do my bidding, there I'm just taking out the garbage and I get depressed. Is that normal and healthy? Is that more important than being a star or debating Jerry Falwell tomorrow? It's a hard exchange to make. This *Playboy* article I'm doing on the John Holmes trial is frightening. I'm one of the few people I know who's a millionaire yet is still taking on the risk of rejection.

HIGH TIMES: What's your daily routine now? There are all these stories about you being such an eccentric.

GOLDSTEIN: Well, I go to the health club three times a week. I go to a shrink four times a week. I've been going to a Freudian for six months—first time I've been to a Freudian.

HIGH TIMES: A Freudian. So you're not even up to the point where you're beating off?

GOLDSTEIN: Only onto the shoes. But my life needs a lot of work. I do a lot of shopping. It's chaotic and ill defined.

HIGH TIMES: You're debating Falwell tomorrow. What do you think of him?

GOLDSTEIN: He's an asshole. A moron. He obviously wants to get a dildo shoved up his ass. He's a pathetic man who feels guilty when he looks at his cock and doesn't have to take a piss.

HIGH TIMES: How do you feel when you look at your cock?

GOLDSTEIN: I love it. I'm thrilled when it gets up. My wife says I want applause every time it's up.

HIGH TIMES: How many times a week do you have sex with your wife?

GOLDSTEIN: Not enough. A few times a week. It's normal. I'd like to do it more often.

HIGH TIMES: How about the notion of you getting blow jobs?

GOLDSTEIN: If I can, I do.

HIGH TIMES: I mean, how does she feel about it?

GOLDSTEIN: I don't tell her, and secondly I tell her it's work. If I'm in Hershey, Pennsylvania, I'm going to the Reese's candy-bar factory and eat a chocolate bar. I'm not a fucking monk. I try not to trivialize my relationship with her. I do care about her, but if there's a goody around and I can have it, I'll take it.

HIGH TIMES: Does the same go for her?

GOLDSTEIN: No, if she fucks around I'd have her legs broken, Mafia style. She'd be dead.

HIGH TIMES: Are there any taboos in your personal life and in the magazine?

GOLDSTEIN: Children, pedophilia. I'm opposed to that because I think people into that are sick. They take advantage of children who can't make a decision based on what's good for them. And rape. How can you be in favor of rape?

HIGH TIMES: How do you relate to feminists?

GOLDSTEIN: Well, feminists feel that sex between a man and a woman is rape, but that's because most of them are bull-dyke lesbians. I mean, how can I take Susan

**"Food comes first.
Even while I'm
eating pussy
I'm dreaming
about
ice cream."**



Big Al chats up small star/publisher Gloria Leonard

Brownmiller seriously? She's an asshole. I met her six years ago when I was living on Jane Street. She saw me on the street and she started yelling, "You want your father to fuck you in the ass." I said, "Yeah, he's a good fuck. I like to eat Jewish cock." She's so off the wall. I don't take the feminists seriously. I think Gloria Steinem is a moron. I really think she got yeast infections that have gone from her pussy to her head. She's so concerned about her First Amendment rights and the right to abort unwanted pregnancies, and she's telling the rest of the world that men who want to whack off can't. We own the space between our ears. I feel she's retarded, like these Jewish Hadassah women who are Communists. They've lost something, their minds have stagnated.

HIGH TIMES: By the same token, you'd probably like to grudge fuck Gloria Steinem against a brick wall.

GOLDSTEIN: I'd love to eat her pussy. She's got nice legs, small tits. Her and Jane Fonda are my fantasies. If I knew I was dying and somebody who had all the power in the world could give them to me, I'd like to eat them for two hours apiece.

HIGH TIMES: Who are you jerking off to nowadays?

GOLDSTEIN: Skinny women. Jane Fonda, Gloria Steinem. Skinny women who I think if I ate their pussy would have an orgasm so great that they'd follow me around the world. Pussy eating because it's power. That's my delusion. Jane Fonda will give up politics and her husband and will want to live with me. Gloria Steinem would make me an editor of *Ms.* It's the power of the tongue. It's all insane. These fantasies are absurd but they're nice, they keep me warm. And I can jerk off to them.

HIGH TIMES: Why do you like to eat pussy so much?

GOLDSTEIN: It's oral. I'm oral. It tastes good, maybe it's that simple. The clitoris is a friendly little thing that flicks around your tongue. It feels nice, and hopefully she's taken a bath that day so the stench doesn't get to you. I like pussy. It's a great joy giving pleasure. I like giving pleasure because it means that when I finally come I don't have to feel guilty.

ty or obligated

HIGH TIMES: You don't have to sit and recite the Koran to yourself while you're fucking so you won't come.

GOLDSTEIN: I brought her off and she can't make me feel guilty like when I was seventeen.

HIGH TIMES: You seem to shy away from piss and shit scenes, though.

GOLDSTEIN: I think it's disgusting. My staff is disgusting. Bruce Jay Friedman's son Josh is the editor and he's an animal. He would turn *Screw* into stuff on vomit, piss, shit. Once every three months I give them an issue to ruin.

HIGH TIMES: But a good bowel movement could be more gratifying than a blow job.

GOLDSTEIN: Shitting is wonderful but it's not sex. You can taste a good shit, there's nothing better than a great piss when you haven't taken a leak all day. But it's different than your dick dropping a load. I think water sports are boring sexually. I tried this stuff. I've been beaten up. I find it boring. I'd much rather be in charge.

HIGH TIMES: How about vomiting?

GOLDSTEIN: I know people who do it. It seems so unfriendly, putting their fingers in their throat.

HIGH TIMES: Enemas?

GOLDSTEIN: I hate them. What a violation. My mother gave me them when I was a kid. I don't like it because it makes us feel our bodies are dirty. That's what the Jewish women are saying—that you can be clean only for about seven minutes after an enema, before the stench of humanity takes over. I don't like to be fucked up the ass, either. That's one thing I haven't opted for. I can't imagine faggots wanting to have things up their ass.

HIGH TIMES: Hasn't your wife stuck her fingers up your ass while you're fucking her?

GOLDSTEIN: I don't get into that stuff. I'm Jewish. Unless maybe if she had a rubber glove on. My ass is sacred.

HIGH TIMES: How are you with women sexually?

GOLDSTEIN: Pathetic. Shy. I still can't talk to a girl in public. I'm incapable. I'm afraid I'll be rejected or yelled at. I can talk if the

girl knows who I am or if I'm in the limo. I'm afraid of women, they scare the shit out of me.

HIGH TIMES: Maybe that's why you degrade them all the time in *Screw*.

GOLDSTEIN: I think it's cause I'm angry that they still have all this power.

HIGH TIMES: But they don't. It's all a Jewish neurosis. My therapist told me that years ago.

GOLDSTEIN: It's true. But I keep thinking that all they're doing is waiting around the Museum of Modern Art to say no to me. The more beautiful they are the more eager they are to have me come over and hit on them so they can say no. Even if they've been waiting for an hour and they want somebody to buy them coffee, they're waiting for me to say no. They're waiting for the Italian construction worker to say yes to it. It's a Jewish paranoia. It's like wherever I go in life, I feel like Woody Allen. You know those romantic scenarios in *Playboy* where the guy with all the finesse is seducing a girl I would fall off the bed. The Jew has to take sex as humorous, otherwise he's finished. Sex is burlesque. I don't treat it as serious, I don't hear violins playing. Maybe that's why deep down I'm not a romantic. It's just sport. Working up some friction on my dick and her clit and then you'll come hopefully. I don't want it to be a big deal cause then I'll be blackmailed, then the woman's got all the power. I like the way faggots do it. It's just a glory hole and a mouth. That's the way it should be. What's hypnotic and seductive is power. The fact I can go anyplace in the world tomorrow. Power is the guy asking for your autograph. That's better than sex any day. Look at my watch. It's garish. I got a sixty-dollar Mickey Mouse watch and I put forty-thousand dollars' worth of gold and diamonds around it. But that's the humor. A garment-center Jew will have just as much ostentation but I want to have it both ways. I want to show the stewardess on TWA that I'm rich but that I also have a sense of humor. It's like I want to spit in society's face and have them love me too.

HIGH TIMES: You've done that haven't you? They love you.

GOLDSTEIN: They don't love me enough. They tolerate me. I'd like to be able to run for Congress, be in the Friars.

HIGH TIMES: You want the respectability that Hefner and Guccione have?

GOLDSTEIN: They don't have it. They're still considered pornographers. That's why Hefner was turned down on the casino license. General Motors still won't advertise Cadillac in *Playboy* for twenty-seven years now. This was Larry Flynt's mistake. He thought he could buy his way into respectable society.

HIGH TIMES: You've written that off totally?

GOLDSTEIN: I know I'm doomed to be Peck's bad boy. I still want in, so every time they say no, I still say "You scumbag fucking low-life bastards." The fact that Pills-

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bury sued me over using the doughboy in Screw I was thrilled it meant they acknowledged me. Then I shoved it up their ass and beat them—I beat them with all their billions.

HIGH TIMES: Have you been sued a lot?

GOLDSTEIN: Let's see Bill Kahn, the district attorney, sued me because when he went to prison for tax evasion I said he was a faggot and I ran a picture of him, a composite fucking someone in the ass. I hope it goes to trial because he's a convicted felon and I'll always hate him for putting me in hand cuffs when he busted Screw for obscenity. **HIGH TIMES:** Didn't you put Reagan in some composite sex shots?

GOLDSTEIN: Reagan all the time. Political figures all the time—that was what my first arrest was. I put John Lindsay's head on someone's body. I was arrested eight hours later. J Edgar Hoover was the first to call him a faggot. Now he's dead it's easy to call him a faggot; I did it when he was alive. Litigation will always be there. I'm suing to get a gun permit. I've been beaten up, I carry money, I get death threats, so I've been suing the police department for four years.

HIGH TIMES: Who do you get death threats from?

GOLDSTEIN: From Polish groups mostly. The Poles have no sense of humor. The Jewish Defense League sometimes gets upset. Most groups ignore me.

HIGH TIMES: I would imagine blacks get upset.

GOLDSTEIN: You have to be able to read it to get upset. And the feminists are still absurd. By the time they lip-read it the issue's off sale. Threats don't scare me they only encourage me.

HIGH TIMES: Let's talk a bit about food. Didn't you almost go out of control at one point?

GOLDSTEIN: Three hundred and fifty pounds. I was trying to kill myself. I understand the junkie I know about the drug slant because food to me is a drug. Every time I have pain, depression or anxiety I turn to food. It's the natural path for me. I'm afraid of coke or marijuana. Grass I did as a kid, and the problem was it always made me hungry and I binged. Coke I don't understand because it makes my nose numb, no special good feeling. It's too expensive; I'd rather buy silk shirts. But food is what I dream about when I'm depressed. When I found out that I have to have surgery this week, I didn't turn to drugs or fucking. I went to Bloomingdale's and I had sixteen different pieces of cake. Then I went across the street to David's and had a pound of cookies, almost threw up, and then I went to Haagen-Dazs for macadamia ice cream. **HIGH TIMES:** I understand that all the donut shops around your office are paid off not to let you in and there was an altercation a few weeks ago. Some of your staff had to come and physically drag you out of one place.

GOLDSTEIN: Yeah, they watch me. I can

gain ten pounds in two days. I'm not going to eat like a normal person, I'm going to have eight pounds of cookies. It's still a diseased mind. Drugs are boring, so is food. Any vice that rules you is boring.

HIGH TIMES: Any vice that becomes a compulsion is boring.

GOLDSTEIN: Okay, I'm a compulsive personality. That's why I'm afraid of drugs, too, because it's something else that could take over.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of porn stars? It's amazing, when you hang around them they actually act like stars.

GOLDSTEIN: It's sad. It's a delusional kind of thing. They have to do it for some glimmer of self-respect. I guess even at the Anvil there's someone who thinks he's king of the fistfuckers. It's like the guy who follows the circus elephant with a shovel thinking he's in show business. Porn stars are sad. I have to interview the bubbleheads, laugh at their jokes. Usually my questions are badly answered. I could do twice as good. There are some bright people. Jack Wrangler is brilliant. Veronica Hart is a real actress. Marilyn Chambers is lovely, beautiful but has the brains of a twenty-two-year-old.

HIGH TIMES: How about the whole Lovelace turnaround—claiming she was forced into the life of porn?

GOLDSTEIN: It's all a lie. Not because she wasn't dependent or involved with a strong man. It was obviously a very masochistic relationship—but because she didn't take any responsibility for her own actions. She keeps coping out and saying, "He made me do it." I mean, we had photos of her giving me a blow job. She didn't have a gun to her head. I went to a press conference with photos of her fucking dogs and she threw me out. She was in charge. But why would she deny it? That's the only thing that bothered me. Not that she fucked a dog but that she was a hypocrite about it. She thought MGM was going to sign her. That's what I hate. I don't care if a congressman sucks cock, but if that congressman sponsors antigay bills then I'd attack him.

HIGH TIMES: In some respects you must think of yourself as a satirist.

GOLDSTEIN: I think I identify with Paul Krassner a lot.

HIGH TIMES: Do you ever perceive yourself as a pimp? With your classified ads you've created a magazine that's made it much easier for middle-class guys to get hookers.

GOLDSTEIN: Probably on that level I am. What I've done through technology is give the world's oldest profession their first advertising medium other than swinging their hips down the street. It's wonderful. And the ads are all real. I wish there were magazines like this in every town I go. Bangkok or Hong Kong. If a tourist comes to a new town, what's he looking for? If he's not with his wife, he wants to get laid.

HIGH TIMES: That's the whole ridiculous thing about changing Forty-second Street. They'll pull it down and nobody'll come to



"I think Gloria Steinem is a moron; she's got yeast infections that have gone from her pussy to her head."

Phyllis Galembo

New York.

GOLDSTEIN: They're so dumb, the politicians. Do they think everybody's coming to New York to see Jackson's or the Flame Steak?

HIGH TIMES: You've always been at the forefront of First Amendment rights. How do you relate to the new antiparaphernalia laws?

GOLDSTEIN: I couldn't believe it. How can an instrument have a life of its own? That law is stupid. I guess my only joy is you guys got fucked and deserved it because nobody came to my aid. Where the fuck were they when I was on trial in Wichita? Except

for Playboy with the money and Flynn and Guccione. The *Wall Street Journal* didn't come out in my support. *Editor & Publisher* didn't. But obviously transcending my own vendetta against everybody, the paraphernalia law is a terrible one. It's got no constitutional merit, but Nixon appointed scumbags—five Neanderthals on the court

obviously have had a telling effect on the freedom of the country. And the only pussy on the court is just as bad. What's her name?

HIGH TIMES: O'Connor. Have any fantasies about getting under her robes?

continued on page 66

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Joel Hirschhorn

*Part One of a High Times
Investigation into the History,
Techniques, Styles and Scams
of the Dope Lawyers.*

THE MOUTHPIECES

BY BOB LABRASCA

I GOT MIKE STEPANIAN'S LECTURE ON THE HISTORY AND PRACTICE OF dope law sitting in the passenger seat of his deep blue Caddy convertible. It was '60s vintage except for a Sony sound system that could vibrate the fillings out of your teeth. When he didn't want to talk, he cranked it up past distortion level.

I'd been on the drug-law beat for a few months now, having interviewed somewhere near 20 first stringers at the dope bar. Stepanian was the last name on my calendar. I looked to him for the color and continuity I knew he'd be more than willing to provide. He was, after all, the forger of solidarity for the national brotherhood of drug attorneys. He'd organized NORML, National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws' legal conferences, where the advocates of the busted gathered semiannually to trade the esoteric nuances of their profession and his hip machine-gun oratorical style made him a perennial star at these conclaves. Having practiced out of San Francisco for his entire career, starting in the mid '60s, he was also a historical witness at the epicenter of the psychedelic rebellion. In a sense, he was there from the beginning.

Big Mike rapped out a cursory prehistory of drug laws as we rolled down U.S. 101 toward San Mateo: "In the '50s, '40s, '30s, there was heroin. Heroin—Mafia—

DOPE LAWYERS
GUARD THE
FLICKERING FLAME
OF LIBERTY.
THAT'D CHOKE YOU UP
IF THEY
WEREN'T DRIVING
ROLLS ROYCES.

*Turn to page 25
for a national directory of
criminal attorneys who
handle drug cases.*

heroin—hoods! And there were big-time lawyers, all these famous guys—Albert Krieger! Melvin Belli! Jerry Geisler! They weren't called *dope* lawyers they were called *criminal* lawyers. They represented *mob-type* situations."

But that was before the Great Weirdness of the '60s, when the American suburbs disgorged hundreds of thousands of disaffected seekers—the rock n' roll babies who didn't want to sleep alone or work at IBM or kill Southeast Asians. They headed off on a social, political and psychic vision quest. In the words of one of their progenitors, Lord Buckley, "They didn't know where they was goin' but they knew where they was wasn't it." Fueled by marijuana LSD-25 and a shaman's bag of other mind expanders, they wandered to San Francisco. These strangely adorned pilgrims made drug taking not only innocent but holy. The cops didn't care they busted them by the hundreds.

"THERE ARE COCAINE WHORES AND COCAINE DEALERS AND COCAINE LAWYERS. THEY MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON" —TONY SERRA

But Stepanian and a few others were on the scene: "The older criminal lawyers couldn't relate to it in some respects. There was all this prejudice built up, because of the image of the gorgeous girl with hair under her arms fucking the long-haired creeps with pimples. That's the way they looked at it. I was a *r-r-reg-ular* criminal lawyer, doing *r-r-reg-ular* criminal cases, but I myself got immersed in the counterculture. *Peace! Love!* I took that seriously. It was a *tre-men-n-n-dous* metamorphosis. The cops were busting down doors, attacking the kids, and they were disenfranchised; they didn't know what to do. So I jumped into it in defense of the *culture*, the *lifestyle*. Dope was incidental."

For Mike the era of modern drug law even had a ceremonial inauguration: To support the Haight-Ashbury Legal Organization (HALO), rock entrepreneur Bill Graham organized a benefit concert featuring

the Jefferson Airplane Quicksilver Messenger Service and Janis Joplin herself backed by Big Brother and the Holding Company. Slouched behind the wheel in a gangster lean, Stepanian relived the genesis of his practice. "Graham got myself and Brian Rohan on the stage and said, 'We are entering a new world! We are the new force, the new mentality, the new culture, the new ideal! These! . . . two! . . . assholes! . . . will represent anyone who is at this concert for nothing!' That was it. We got an office in the Grateful Dead building. They practiced upstairs, and the HALO office was downstairs. We got a desk, we got a little file cabinet, we got a nice lady secretary, and after work, *every single day*, I would go up there, and there would be lines of kids, who'd been busted in groups of nine, sixteen, twenty. Graham gave us some money to live, it wasn't a lot. But it was absolutely fun and fantastic. I would have liked doin' it for *nothin'*! We were attacking the cops, and the cases themselves were magnificent. The search and seizure, the informants—it was all very, very sophisticated law."

San Francisco's Haight Ashbury district had maximum media visibility, but the counterculture was a national phenomenon. The same thing was happening everywhere. Young, turned-on lawyers, with one eye on the Arcadian vision and the other on bankable courtroom experience were leaping into the fray to rescue their brethren. But some of the champions were not so young, and some were unlikely converts.

Joe Oteri had survived 11 years of Jesuit education and a stint as a Marine Corps captain in the Korean War before he had his first direct contact with the counterculture. He had been practicing criminal law in Boston for ten years when, in 1965, a federal judge appointed him to represent some young pot defendants. "I was the straightest son of a bitch in the world, I thought you injected marijuana," Oteri told me. But, "out of curiosity," he "studied" weed and its legal status, and "by '67, became convinced that marijuana was harmless." That year he filed one of the first test cases challenging the constitutionality of the pot prohibition statutes. He's been a *dope* lawyer ever since. In 1980, he successfully defended a man who admitted smuggling three tons of hashish into the United States in a complicated conspiracy executed over a period of at least six months. Oteri convinced a jury that the defendant, a veteran, had been suffering from "Vietnam syndrome," a psychological infirmity that compelled him to smuggle hash as a means of reexperiencing the tension of battle: innocent by reason of temporary insanity.

In 1967 John Zwerling, a kid from Brooklyn, returned from a naval hitch in Vietnam with a bad taste in his mouth. He entered law school at American University in Washington, D.C., and over the next three years began to view Pres. Richard Nixon as "a very visible evil force." He joined the

activist National Lawyers Guild as a student, and worked as a volunteer for the Washington Area Draft and Military Law Panel and the Drug Defendants Rights Committee, supplying free legal information to draft resisters and victims of drug busts. Shortly after graduation, he took on a hashish possession case in Arlington, Virginia. He didn't ask to be paid, thinking given his inexperience, he "wasn't worth anything." The defendant was acquitted, and in the flush of victory, Zwerling raised his price to \$50. Today, 90 percent of his practice is drug law, mostly federal, boat cases and such along the eastern seaboard from Boston to Miami.

Gerry Goldstein joined the Texas bar in 1968 when, in his words, "people had a clear reason to be concerned about social issues." His old man was an established corporate attorney in San Antonio, and Gerry joined the firm. But he was soon seduced by an aptly named local lawyer, Maury Maverick, into the practice of "representing criminals you agree with." Many of them were draft resisters, but he also accepted drug defendants, seeing them as "social and political targets." He remembers his early pot clients as "mostly long-haired kids drivin' around in Volkswagen buses." As a source of revenue his "marijuana cases were akin to vagrancy cases." Today, Goldstein floats through NORML legal conferences on a cloud of adulation. He operates out of a suite of offices at the top of the tallest building in San Antonio. His partner is Jim Jenkins, who works out of Atlanta. Though the majority of the firm's business is *dope* law, Goldstein takes on everything from political corruption cases to ghetto murders. He has taught at a laundry list of law schools and serves as general counsel to the Texas Civil Liberties Union.

The examples are legion. Los Angeles partners Victor Sherman, Michael Nasatir and Richard Hirsch attended law school at Berkeley during the Free Speech Movement. Joel Hirschhorn, one of the stars of the elite Miami drug bar, matriculated at the University of Wisconsin, a hotbed of antiwar radicalism. The upper echelons of drug law are peopled with graduates of the college of counterculture idealism.

But it wasn't all stern, righteous struggle. Defending the great unwashed had its rewards. Still on 101 barreling toward San Mateo, Stepanian lustily recalled the pleasures of those times.

"Other lawyers were saying, 'Why are you doing this? They're filthy, they're ugly. Meanwhile I am *di-i-i-ving* into beautiful nubile nubies! I'm going nuts; I'm having a great time. I'm playin' *rugby*; my name is in the paper; I don't need a lot of *money*; I've got my little red *MG*; I've got my *motorcycle*; I'm fuckin' havin' a *ball*!'

"The Dead was happening; the Airplane was makin' *money*, and guys began *de-e-e-e-a-ling* dope. It grew, grew—as dope became a viable commodity. Then *money money money* came into it. It blos-

somed into hipness; it was society; it was happening. I had my Viva Zapata shirt on but I had cool ties and cool, hip jackets beautiful hair. I was magnificent. There goes Mike Stepanian, the dope lawyer. The young hons—we were the young lions!" He was leaning into the windshield now, launching himself into a descriptive orgasm, unrenderable on the printed page. It ended with the crescendo proclamation "It was the era of THAAH DOPE LAW-YERRRR!"

He took in a breath, slumped back in the seat and muttered out of a sidelong leer, And it hasn't changed one iota."

He'd only told me the good parts, of course. Left out were the endless hours poring over volumes of case law, struggling with the syntax of briefs and the desperate gropings for acceptable plea bargains in hundreds of unwinnable cases.

Stepanian twisted the volume knob on the stereo 360 degrees clockwise as we cruised into San Mateo. At the courthouse, he hunkered down with an assistant district attorney and a familiar judge for a few jovial minutes, and bail was easily arranged for a friend of a relative of a colleague who had been hauled in on a penny-ante coke rap. In no time, we were back on 101 this time on our way to San Francisco Airport.

En route, we rehashed the years between the Summer of Love and the present winter of discontent: Broad acceptance of drug consumption had forced the cops to concentrate on dealers, and that had raised the stakes for drug lawyers. The advance in smuggling from light planes and panel trucks to oceangoing freighters had transferred control of the business from the hands of individual adventurers to industrial-scale operators who could budget more for litigation costs. At the same time the action was moving from the Mexican border to Florida and the adjacent coast lines, and with the rise of the Colombian pot trade in the 70s had come the Colombian coke trade ever larger amounts of money and more and more guns. Police had grown more sophisticated in the handling of searches and seizures, making suppression of evidence on constitutional grounds more legally intricate and expensive. The use of paid informants was rapidly becoming a national industry virtually capable of solving the unemployment problem. Smugglers were getting richer, bails were going through the ceiling and legal fees were keeping pace.

At the airport cargo building, Stepanian picked up a large box of fresh-frozen ballyhoo, a variety of marlin bait he'd had flown in specially from Miami for an upcoming fishing trip to Baja. Ballyhoos are sleek beautiful fish about the size of trout, but shaped more like miniature marlin—a touch of elegance for the well-heeled sportsman. We then made a quick trip to Enrico's in North Beach, a landmark cafe and gathering spot for San Francisco cognoscenti. Stepanian stashed the ballyhoo in

Enrico's cooler, and we were back in the Cadillac headed for his office.

There was a woman waiting to see him when we arrived a scared, nervous woman; she'd done a botch job on her make-up. Her problem was she'd been caught counting the money in a heroin deal and was looking at serious time. She had an attorney, some no-name who didn't seem to be doing much work on the case. Her eyes were full of pleading.

He told her, yes, he had decided to take her case but there was a little matter of \$5,000 out front. How much did she have? A thousand, she thought she could borrow another thousand. He told her flatly the advance was five grand. When it was paid, he'd sign the papers that would officially establish him as her new counsel, not before. She whimpered she'd get the money somehow. The whole encounter had taken less than five minutes.

It was a brutal scene. I had to wonder what such exchanges, or the glad-handing tête-à-têtes with prosecutors and judges or the ballyhoo for that matter, had to do with the struggle for "the new ideal." But Stepanian knew his business, and had to be better acquainted with this pathetic defendant's ability to pay than I was. Besides, five Gs was peanuts. The fees I'd heard bandied about for substantial dope cases ranged from \$25,000 to \$200,000, "and up!" some body in a position to know had blurted out. Five big ones was walkin' around money. What was he supposed to do for someone caught tallying the profits from a heroin load—take her case for free? (According to Stepanian, he ultimately handled this woman's case for only \$500.)

Stepanian left me in his office while he went to sort out some phone messages and handle a few quick errands. Despite some loose ends, I felt I had acquired a fairly balanced understanding of these court room sharpsters and how they ran their chosen hustle.

I didn't have much use for the stereotype promoted by spiteful politicians and a few frustrated prosecutors and narcs that drug lawyers were unscrupulous swindlers of justice up to their blow-dry haircuts in the dope trade. Oh, a good many of them, I was certain, took in some untaxable side money. It would be astonishing if clients who toted suitcases full of greenbacks hither and yon didn't sometimes try to shove some of it into the pockets of their legal protectors. It would be even more surprising if lawyers didn't occasionally accept hard cash without immediately telephoning the Internal Revenue Service. But that didn't make them rascallions in my book; it made them red-blooded Americans. All things considered, drug lawyers are every bit as respectable as any other class of practitioner.

Dope attorneys actually do most of their work with moral conviction. They share the educated belief that the drug laws, or at least the sentences attached to them, are



Dominic Gentile



Joe Oteri



Michael Nasatir

grossly unfair Victor Sherman had exclaimed in high pitched indignation, "The rest of your life for a crime that is condoned by in marijuana, maybe forty million people and in cocaine, maybe half that? That's craziness!" They insist their clients are entitled to all the protections of the Bill of Rights, no matter what the cops, the political hacks or even the general public might think. They stand between the drug defendant and a national lynch-mob mentality, and they take the heat.

And heat there is.

The Drug Enforcement Administration and some state and local authorities commonly suspect that drug defenders are accessories to their clients' crimes. Often, they try to satisfy those suspicions. Of course, they're not always wrong. At least four lawyers in Florida alone have been sentenced for substantial marijuana and cocaine violations. But for an ethical lawyer

mitting suicide. Nonetheless, police bullied Fisher into wearing a listening device into Whatley's office. Apparently unsatisfied with the results, they had the druggist arrange another meeting with the attorney, this time at the pharmacy, where, again wired for sound, he tried to hand Whatley a case of pharmaceutical Dilaudid. It was refused, but upon leaving the drugstore Whatley was greeted by narcotics officers who searched his car and came up with a pistol and some Dexedrine pills. They filed charges against him, but the substantive ones collapsed because the wire had "malfunctioned" in the attempted Dilaudid transfer, and because the prosecution's only witness, the edgy pharmacist, finally did take his own life with an overdose.

Dope lawyers' professional and personal lives are often under scrutiny. Joel Hirschhorn, or "Diamond Joel," as Stepanian likes to call him, works multiton pot cases and multikilo cocaine busts in Miami, the Sargon of the '80s. Realizing the interest federal authorities might have in him, he applied under the Freedom of Information Act to see what data they had compiled under his name. "The DEA sent back a letter telling me they were releasing certain information to me, but they couldn't release it all," said Hirschhorn, "because to do so would endanger the life of a confidential informant. What the shit is that! Some asshole on the street is talking about me."

Even though he operates on the roughest turf in the national drug scene—a colleague, George Gold, was shot to death on his own office doorstep two years ago, apparently by a disgruntled client—Hirschhorn says, "If I someday take a fall, it will be from the government and not a client," because "all it takes is two or three people telling approximately the same lie about you, and they've got a case they're willing to prosecute."

Michael Kennedy, the notoriously effective trial lawyer whose New York/San Francisco practice is about 30 percent drug law, offers this testimony. "Here in New York, U.S. Attorney John Martin has publicly said he's out to get lawyers. He's indicted one lawyer, and over a dozen have been the targets of investigation. He's had search warrants issued for lawyers' offices; he's subpoenaed lawyers for grand juries; he's made lawyers the subject of grand juries; and he's attempted, on two occasions with which I'm personally familiar, to persuade clients to wear a wire into an interview with a lawyer, to try to talk the lawyer into one form of criminality or another." Kennedy says he himself has been the repeated butt of such tactics. They have all come to naught.

Federal prosecutors have also attempted to establish links between drug suspects by way of their legal representatives. In 1980, Gerry Goldstein's Atlanta partner, Jim Jenkins, was subpoenaed to appear before a federal grand jury in Vermont. The government's purpose was to tie two additional

suspects to two defendants in a New England case by showing that they had mutually employed Jenkins in a previous Georgia case. One of the lawyers who joined the successful effort to quash the subpoena of Jenkins was Jim Lawson, a partner of Joe Oteri. Lawson had been held in contempt a year before for not submitting to a similar subpoena in Washington State. There have been numerous other such cases around the country, and dope lawyers universally see them as an assault on the otherwise sacred attorney-client privilege.

In response to those attacks, drug attorneys are drawing together for mutual defense. If one of their number is subpoenaed or indicted, numerous others will offer advice, research and briefs in his support, simply because a successful assault on one could open the door to a national campaign against them all. That's part of the reason why attendance at NORML legal seminars went from 50 for the one held in Wisconsin in May 1981, to 130 for the Washington gathering last December.

Another reason for increasing unity is the swell of public, political and judicial hysteria over the Drug Menace. Collaboration becomes more important as defense work becomes more difficult and more complicated. Hanging fever is everywhere: Thousands of parents groups are propagating long discredited antidrug myths, the first lady is stumping against the drug plague (as a personal hobby to take her mind off her repossessed clothes); and the Supreme Court lets stand a 40-year sentence for sale of just over half a pound of weed.

It's part of the venerable American tradition of scapegoating. Written in the collective unconscious is the edict that we must always maintain a segment of society exempt from constitutional rights and automatically culpable for everything from crime in the streets to unsightly facial hair. John Zwerling puts it tersely: "It used to be the niggers, and then it was the commies; now it's the drug dealers."

Nowhere is the repressive spirit more focused on drugs than in Goldstein's home state, where the fears of Lone Star parents groups—the wealth of right-wing computer magnate H. Ross Perot and the political clout of Gov. Bill Clements conjoined last year to push through the most Draconian set of antidrug laws ever. "You can't pick on minority groups, because, as they say, we've come a long way from bigotry and prejudice," Goldstein says wryly. "We're not bigoted and prejudiced anymore, but we don't mind pickin' on the druggies."

Dope lawyers who handle other types of criminal cases as well are quick to say that juries are more sympathetic to murderers than to drug dealers. "In Texas," muses Goldstein, "we understand the recreational use of firearms, but not the recreational use of drugs. I think Racehorse Haines said, 'We have a lot of people that need killin', but we don't have many drugs that need sellin'." It's not just Texas, though: it's every-

**"I JUMPED INTO IT
IN DEFENSE OF
THE CULTURE,
THE LIFESTYLE.
DOPE WAS
INCIDENTAL."**

—MIKE STEPANIAN

who handles drug cases to remain above suspicion he must display all the virtues of Caesar's wife. Philadelphia attorney Bob Fogelnest, who practices team-fashion with his partner Allan Ellis throughout Pennsylvania, says of the state narcotics task force, "We know from experience that, in a minute, they would trade any of our clients for us."

Virtually every established dope-defense specialist tells yarns about attempts by narcotics to wire his clients, or lure him into accepting payments in drugs or suborning perjury. Some of it may be paranoia, but definitely not all. In Santa Barbara, California, Jerry Whatley, a local criminal lawyer, was set up for a fall with the help of a pharmacist he was defending on charges of filling phony prescriptions. The druggist, Douglas Fisher, was himself an opiate addict and in delicate psychological condition—according to Whatley, he once spent most of a night talking his client out of com-

where. Hirschhorn explains the principle: "Everyone in the courtroom at one time or another, has felt like literally killing somebody, either out of love, or hate, or anger or fear—whatever. Jurors can sympathize. It's not so easy to sympathize with someone who's caught with fifteen tons of grass or four hundred pounds of coke."

Even if you're not talking the kind of weight Hirschhorn's clients tend to be associated with sympathy for drug defendants from judges and juries is minimal. Decriminalization in the '70s softened the prescribed penalties a bit, but possession of as little as one kilo of pot—a far cry from big-time racketeering—can still draw from 5 to 25 years in most of America's sovereign states. Of course, maximum penalties are seldom applied, but pressure on judges to lean heavily on dealers is constantly mounting. If you doubt that, read the campaign literature of your local Republican candidate for district attorney.

Getting people off is further complicated by the fact that almost all drug defendants are guilty. Prosecutors bring in their informant, their undercover agent and the dope itself that was bought or sold, and what's left to argue about? With the odds stacked squarely against them, the dope lawyers resort to what detractors like to call "legal technicalities."

One such technicality has been on the books for a little over 200 years. It reads:

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

That, of course, is the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. It is the combat rifle of the drug defender. An attorney who isn't proficient in its use is unfit to handle a dope case. Since the middle '60s, Fourth Amendment case law—the body of high-court decisions that determine how laws are to be interpreted—has consisted almost exclusively of drug cases. This has not come about because of an unscrupulous hunt for technicalities by drug defenders, but because the Fourth Amendment and drug law are innately in conflict.

It comes down to this. When certain "effects" (drugs, pornography etc.) are made illegal, what becomes of a person's right "to be secure" in them? In a properly handled dope deal, there are no victims or witnesses, only participants. To even have knowledge of such criminality police have to invade somebody's privacy by wiretapping, eavesdropping, or becoming participants themselves—something the forefathers, at least in spirit, were dead set against.

The battle produced by this contradiction has generated volumes upon volumes of judicial decisions about who can search where with what warrants, and what is



Michael Stepanian

"probable cause," and what is consent and so on, ad nauseam. The rules are always changing, but a dope lawyer worth his sheepskin knows them like a pro basketball coach knows the NBA rule book. Street narcs, on the other hand, paint with a broader brush. You got dope, you go to jail.

To cope with the problem of police breaking the law to enforce the law, the Supreme Court decided in 1961 that no one could be convicted of a crime in any court with evidence that had been illegally obtained. "The criminal goes free, if he must, but it is the law that sets him free," the justices decreed, adding that they could "no longer permit" the Fourth Amendment to be revoked "at the whim of any police officer."

They established what is called the exclusionary rule and drug defenders use it all the time. It's the only teeth the Fourth Amendment has. It can prevent boatloads of grass or hundreds of pounds of other drugs from being used as evidence. Now and then it even sets a dope dealer free but when that happens, he goes free only because a judge has determined that the cops overstepped their constitutional authority in gathering evidence. A lawyer who vigorously defends his client almost invariably files a motion to suppress evidence in a drug case, because police, in the vigorous pursuit of their profession operate at the outer edge—and beyond—of what is permissible.

The crusaders of the repressive Right would have you believe the exclusionary rule makes the prosecution of drug defendants a virtual impossibility. Not so. A government study has shown that evidence is excluded on Fourth Amendment grounds in only about 13 percent of federal criminal cases, and more than half of those cases result in convictions anyway.

But the protection of the Fourth Amendment in general, and the exclusionary rule in particular, are in deep trouble. In the last few years, the courts have limited the rights of defendants to object to searches, and ex-



John Zwerling

panded the grounds for warrantless searches. On June 1 of this year, the Supreme Court ruled, six to three, in a District of Columbia heroin case, that police officers could ransack an automobile and anything in it without a warrant, if they had a "reasonable" belief that a crime was being committed. The decision so incensed Justice Thurgood Marshall that he read his angry dissent in open court, accusing his colleagues of repealing "the Fourth Amendment warrant requirement itself."

But the case that has drug attorneys—and a host of other civil libertarians—on the edges of their seats is *Wilhams v. United States*. Las Vegas defense attorney Dominic Gentile calls it "the single most dangerous decision I've ever read." Essentially, it allows evidence obtained illegally to be used in court, as long as the search was made in the "reasonable good-faith belief that it was proper." So far, it applies only in the

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No More Pencils, No More Books, No More...Nothin'

Two
veterans
of the '60s
go in search
of a campus life
of yesteryear.

by
Jon
Pelzer

Perhaps it was my hesitancy to tamper with fond memories of rural hallucinations and afternoon cocktails at 8 A.M. Or maybe, as my old school chum, Eddie, surmised, I was simply afraid of "feeling like an old shut."

Whatever the reason, since graduating in '69, every weekend was somehow too inconvenient for a return engagement to that mythical land of all-night parties and all-day convalescing—college. And in a way, this is Eddie's story, for it was he who finally persuaded me to make the trip to the place we called Camp.

"We'll make it like old times!" Eddie declared with an intensity he once reserved for shotgunning. Underscoring his commitment was a knapsack on the backseat of his

'71 VW, containing two ounces of stickless Thai, seven tabs of mesc, a dozen bootleg ludes, some mushrooms and five bottles of tequila, not counting the one he'd already started.

At Camp, a liberal-arts institution dedicated to landscaping, Eddie pursued hedonism with a vengeance, quickly becoming the barometer against which we all measured our own levels of abuse.

It was Eddie who, more than anyone else, saw the immense partying potential in the academic freedom of the late 60s.

Now, after a decade and a half, the man who sophomore year vowed to cultivate a vice a week was still at it; willing to get fried at the drop of a tab, even if it meant the collapse of his third marriage and yet an-

other eviction. Yes, at 35 and as wasted as ever, Eddie had turned four years of unabashed thrill seeking into a way of life.

As for myself, the real world had taken its toll, reducing my intake by half, while adding a morning migraine.

So, with Eddie's ancient Sucrets-box of joints on the dash, we headed out of Manhattan on a clear Friday afternoon in May.

By the fifth joint, I was reminded of how crucial pot was to our Camp existence. It even made the boring scenery of these automatic-pilot trips awe inspiring, but not today. Either Eddie's Thai was from Thai, New Jersey, or my apprehension of our "mission" was stronger than I thought, but I couldn't help feeling a little down.

Sensing my mood, an upbeat Eddie



passed me the tequila, wondering aloud if "good old Waldo was still knockin' 'em back at Buba's," our favorite off-campus watering hole.

Knowing how fond Eddie was of the man who taught him to "pass out with grace," I couldn't bring myself to tell him that good old Waldo was probably dead. After all, when we first met him back in the 60s, he was 63 and, using the recent foreclosure on his farm as an occasion to begin a new life, devoted to the consumption of Jack Daniels. Even then, the only sign of life good old Waldo ever showed was falling to the floor.

"Promise me something," Eddie belched as we passed another hick town still legally alive. "No matter what happens tonight, we'll end it with Jack Daniels at Buba's."

Anyone could see that this dedicated debaucher held his college days dear, possibly too dear.

I was beginning to feel the first of the mescal kicking in when I recognized some rundown townie houses and knew we were near.

While Eddie appeared to be feeling no pain, I was a little nervous, like someone about to see old friends, hoping they still enjoyed a good buzz while listening to the same Iron Butterfly records.

I felt better when we passed Sam's Garage, on the outskirts of town. It looked exactly the same as it did in the fall of '67 when, after drinking 23 banana daiquiris at a speaker's reception for Norman Mailer, Eddie let go with the big spit in the rest room, making it unapproachable for months.

The next day, when we heard that Mailer himself emptied his tummy for all to see Eddie was pissed when we left. "Puking with Mailer," I remember him musing "now that would've been a story!"

As Eddie's VW coughed its way past an abnormally quiet fraternity row, our THC-encouraged appetites dictated a quick stop on campus at the Student Union. The vending machines of this junk-food mecca not only produced pimples, but, if you used them intelligently, some of the best sugar highs to be had.

The campus grounds, lush from the recent spring thaw, prompted Eddie to break out the mushrooms in a "toast to nature," something we once did daily.

Before I could even wash mine down, the Administration Building came into view. It was here that Vietnam and student busts were regularly protested.

"What'd I tell ya?" Eddie grinned, indicating what looked like pickets in front. "Some places never change."

When we got closer and could read their signs (one of them read WINE AND SCHOOL DON'T MIX), any similarity with the '60s ceased, like a stereo unplugged.

It turned out that this small band of bow-tied and knee-socked Hitler youth were the school's temperance society. Their beef? Wine being served at faculty functions.

Knowing the contempt with which Eddie

When we finally reached those fabled vending machines, it was with a mixture of horror and disgust, for they now contained "Cup-O-Quiche," "Granola Bars" and "Soybean Cookies."

"I feel tense," a visibly shaken Eddie whispered as I guided him back to the car for a fortifying Quaalude. It was time to leave campus and check out the places where we *really* lost brain cells.

On the way out of the Union, when I stopped to pick up a copy of the Camp paper, we noticed a new trophy case next to the water cooler. Its most prominently featured feat was Betty Steele's four-year perfect attendance record. Eddie forced a hollow laugh and reminded me of our old friend Gordon Bell, who also managed to have his name on every attendance sheet ever passed out. Of course, Gordon did it without leaving his room.

Our first off-campus stop would be 17 Doone Drive, our old residence, which, after considerable effort, Eddie made the number one party house.

Given the dilapidated state of both 17 Doone Drive when we last saw it and Eddie's spirits at the moment, I kept to myself the gnawing suspicion that it, too, like good old Waldo, was probably a thing of the past.

Turning onto Doone, where seeing a group of joggers reminded me of the time Eddie and I ran the off-campus marathon on a bit of speed and a bottle of Haley's MO apiece, I was relieved to see that not only was our old den of iniquity still standing, it was ablaze with light.

Stopping in front, a new porch light revealed that the once splintered door of this one-time firetrap had been sanded and painted with a high-gloss white paint. And if that wasn't enough, on the door were the Greek letters $\Delta \Pi$.

We were dumbfounded, reduced to just sitting in the car, watching twerps in plaid pants enter and leave the house where, among other things, God came to me in the form of a chair and Janis Joplin was mourned an entire semester.

There was no denying it. Our very own shrine of sin had been defiled and turned into a fraternal order of would-be accountants!

Against my better judgment, a near-frantic Eddie convinced me to at least take a look at our old rooms.

On the wall in the foyer where a Pat Boone dart board once hung, a poster of Debbie Boone now smiled down, causing Eddie to dry heave. Next to it was a bulletin board with an "Accordion Wanted" ad and warnings against liquor on the premises and taking glasses out of the kitchen.

Boy, did this make me miss the frats of our day! They may not have been big with the psychedelics, but if you were willing to risk a little violence, their 24-hour open kegs and uptight but drunk women made for a pretty nice time. I also remember how Eddie admired their contempt for authority,

*"With
the
cost of
drugs
today,
how
can
they
all
be so
happy?"*

held people who in any way tried to curb the right to party, I was impressed by his self-control. "Pigs. There'll always be pigs," he muttered, then pushed on for the Union.

Sprawled in a valley below the Quad, the Union bustled with hundreds of students, all wearing designer sportswear, none of whom looked old enough to jerk off. With rackets in their hands and sunscreen on their noses, this new breed of undergraduate had turned this '60s center of jeans and T-shirts into an open audition for the Bruce and Christie Jenner Story.

As we made our way through a hail of "Have a nice day" and "You really shouldn't smoke," Eddie remarked how there was something repulsive about these kids.

It wasn't their Olympic Village mentality, for jocks were certainly nothing new, but their apparent state of blissful contentment that we found so offensive. "With the cost of drugs today," Eddie wondered, "how can they all be so happy?"

When we realized that this sea of "what, me worry?" faces was the product of good, clean living, and not drugs or lobotomies, I suggested we split.

Defiantly Eddie replied, "I came for zits, I'm leaving with zits!"

which raised many of those old frat brothers to the status of criminal defendants.

Either undaunted or numb, Eddie ignored some nerd who wanted to know if we were the plumbers, and started up the stairs, stopping in front of the room once occupied by Twigs Bennett.

As a result of his prosperous "dealership," Twigs had the best stereo and record collection at Camp. Every day we'd blast such collectors' items as discontinued Zeppelins or bootlegged Hendrixes, the latter once inducing Eddie to spray-paint *PLAY ON DRUMMER* on the university chapel.

Though the music now coming out of Twigs's old room was quite a bit lower than the sound his pair of Klipschorns threw, I could more than make out that it was Barry Manilow's "I Am Music." I felt like a lance had just been driven through my lower abdomen.

"What the fuck is that?" Eddie asked each note seemed to cut through his body like a laser.

I was glad Twigs wasn't with us to hear his room utilized for such a foul purpose. Finding the academic setting too lucrative to leave, he was pursuing a Ph.D. somewhere, after dealing his way to an MBA.

Once again I led Eddie back to the car, this time for what appeared to be the last of the 'ludes. We then checked into our room at Pete's & Sally's, the only hotel in town. It was time to reevaluate.

A shower and black beauty later, Eddie was ready to once more try and find that enclave of corruption he convinced himself must exist. He was willing to accept that vices may change, but not disappear. As he put it, "A campus where people don't get fucked up is, well... un-American!"

Like a man possessed, he began leafing through the school paper I picked up. "Yes! Yes!" he exclaimed, pointing to an ad for an "open party with live music" around the corner. "This is going to be it!"

At first I thought we'd be out of place at an off-campus party, but Eddie's desperation for even a second of '60s-style depravity forced me to go along. To tell you the truth, I was also afraid to let him go alone.

While Eddie rolled the last of the pot, I divvied up the remaining mushrooms. I think Eddie was surprised at how quickly we'd gone through the weekend's provisions.

When we arrived at the house, the temperance league was protesting outside, which we took as a good omen.

The extent to which I was hallucinating made it difficult to decide whether we were at a costume party or had been transported back in time to a Youth for Nixon fundraiser.

Feeling our way along, we found the refreshments: two bowls of punch, one empty and the other, which carried a warning about its "teensy bit of alcohol," apparently untouched. The electric Kool-Aid acid test it wasn't. In fact, the paraphernalia for this party didn't even require a toilet to hug!

"A campus where people don't get fucked up is, well... un-American!"

I was coming down like a DC-10.

When I turned to tell Eddie it was no use, I found him transfixed by a pigtailed blonde in an ankle-length skirt, standing on the opposite side of the room. I feared that through either drugs or panic, he saw in her the braless, nympho women who attended off-campus parties in our day.

As he worked his way toward her, I thought it best to follow. When we got close enough, we could hear an incredulous friend ask the blonde, "You really let him feel you up?"

"Well," began the defensive blonde, "we have been dating for five months."

Oblivious to the certain disaster ahead, Eddie interrupted them and asked the blonde if she'd like to "get high and fuck." I could tell by the shock on her face that Eddie wasn't exactly her cup of cocoa.

It was also obvious that Eddie had gone over the edge and was no longer capable of separating his memories of the roaring '60s with the pathetically wholesome world of the '80s.

"Okay," Eddie persisted, "how about a ménage à trois with your friend?"

Not knowing French, the two coeds simply looked at each other with blank faces. I

put my arm around Eddie's shoulder and walked him to the car. "Don't worry," I lied, "things'll be different at Buba's."

That Buba's still existed in this Boy Scout heaven was surprising. That its once dark and dingy interior had been replaced by shiny white Formica was, well, vile.

Once at the counter, a sunglassed Eddie ordered two Jack Daniels, causing a brief moment of silence, followed by riotous laughter.

"We haven't served liquor here for years," the jovial man behind the counter patiently explained. "How about a malt?"

For a split second Eddie's body trembled, then he slumped down on the bar stool like a beast who'd just taken a bullet. "It's time to go home," he said.

It was then that we saw the impossible: good old Waldo sitting at a booth all by himself drumming his fingers on the table. Instead of the cherub-faced alcoholic of yesterday, good old Waldo was now a skinny, hyper old man, with piercing, angry eyes I don't remember ever seeing before.

"Waldo!" Eddie shouted, strung out for even the slightest confirmation that the college life he remembered actually existed. "We used to drink with you in the '60s, remember?"

"Drink?" Good old Waldo spat with disgust, recognizing no one. "They don't serve drinks in here anymore." Standing, he sarcastically added. "Why don't you have a malt?"

As a maniacally laughing good old Waldo was led out of Buba's, I watched Eddie's eyes well up with tears. He was a broken man, and no amount of drugs could help, which was just as well, since all of ours were gone.

Under the circumstances, we decided to head back to New York, immediately.

During the drive home, I attempted to console Eddie. "Let's just thank our lucky bong we were in college when good times ruled!" I told him. "They can never take that away!"

Eddie kept his bloodshot eyes on the road the whole time, never saying a single word. I could only imagine how much it hurt him to see his four years of party pioneering discarded, like a Hula Hoop.

Clearly, the tradition of moral turpitude had died and the roach clip had not been passed to a new generation. Instead an obscene plague of decency had descended on our alma mater. That the epidemic might be national was too frightening to even consider.

All my efforts to reach Eddie after we got home failed. His phone was disconnected and the people at the insurance company where he worked hadn't seen him since the Friday we began our ill-fated journey.

I was about to give up on him when I received a postcard with a picture of the University of Rio de Janeiro. On the back was written: "Twigs had the right idea. College sin isn't dead, it just went on to grad school! Play on drummer! Eddie." □

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ON COCAINE

ONCE UPON A TIME, ALEISTER CROWLEY
tipped off a zealous decency society in Britain to the "conspicuous signs of prostitution" he'd observed in a tiny Scots town. Considering the source, Crowley himself, to be *unimpeachable* on such matters, the horrified do-gooders dispatched a morality squad to the spot, at considerable expense. When they presently reported no evidence at all of any such thing, Crowley explained, "It is conspicuous by its absence, fools."

This is not to say Crowley was entirely sane. After his first wife, whom he called the *Ape of Thoth*, went wholly crazy, he would hang her by the heels in a closet while he entertained girl friends. He named their first girl-child with a string of misogynistic mystical epithets: *Nuit Ma Ahathoor Hecate Sappho Jezebel Lilith Crowley*, who died, age five, of typhus in Rangoon. He enjoyed few things more, when he was running his fabulous cult playland on Sicily in the 1920s, than watching his female groupies screw animals, which would be bloodily sacrificed just as they achieved orgasm. The only groupie he hexed to death, though, was male: Crowley had him drink some cat's blood, ordained a day and hour for him to die, and die he obligingly did, on the very second.

Crowley treated cocaine as a test of pure will: Aleister vs. the Drug. There was no way he'd get strung out behind coke. If legions of weak-willed plebians might become slaves to cocaine, was that any suitable grounds for prohibiting it from superior immortals like Crowley? He wrote this paper on cocaine in 1917, when Britain was already following the USA's lead in banning pleasure drugs, to Crowley's vast displeasure: "We are not under the laws and do not enjoy the liberties which our fathers bequeathed us; we are under a complex and fantastic system of police administration nearly as pernicious as anything even in America."

To "master" coke, Crowley kept bowls of it around at all times, to be snorted as copiously as possible, and the same with mescaline and heroin. The heroin, of course, got decidedly ahead of him. Unlike coke, which is nonaddictive, smack had a special physical magic beyond even Crowley's monumental will. But this only developed into a tougher test of his powers, for the rest of his life, he would purposely kick smack every few months, creating brilliant crazy occultist fantasies amid the withdrawals, and then relapse directly back into the shit. Of course he eventually died—in 1947, at the age of 72, after more than 50 years of gargantuan drug abuse.

by Aleister Crowley

O F ALL THE GRACES THAT

cluster about the throne of Venus the most timid and elusive is that maiden whom mortals call Happiness. None is so eagerly pursued; none so hard to win. Indeed, only the saints and martyrs, unknown usually to their fellow men, have made her theirs, and they have attained her by burning out the ego-sense in themselves in the white-hot steel of meditation, by dissolving themselves in that divine ocean of consciousness whose foam is passionless and perfect bliss.

To others, Happiness only comes by chance; when least sought, perhaps she is there. Seek, and ye shall not find; ask, and ye shall not receive; knock, and it shall not be opened unto you. Happiness is always a divine accident. It is not a definite quality; it is the bloom of circumstances. It is useless to mix its ingredients; the experiments in life which have produced it in the past may be repeated endlessly, and with infinite skill and variety—in vain.

It seems more than a fairy story that so metaphysical an entity should yet be producible in a moment by no means of wisdom, no formula of magic, but by a simple herb. The wisest man cannot add happiness to others, though they be dowered with youth, beauty, wealth, wit and love; the lowest blackguard shivering in rags, destitute, diseased, old, craven, stupid, a mere morass of envy, may have it with one swift-sucked breath. The thing is as par-

There was never any elixir so instant magic as cocaine.

doxical as life, as mystical as death.

Look at this shining heap of crystals! They are hydrochloride of cocaine. The geologist will think of mica, to me, the mountaineer, they are like those gleaming feathery flakes of snow, flowering mostly where rocks jut from the ice of crevassed glaciers that wind and sun have kissed to ghostliness. To those who know not the great hills, they may suggest the snow that spangles trees with blossoms glittering and lucid. The kingdom of faery has such jewels. To him who tastes them in his nostrils—to their acolyte and slave—they must seem as if the dew of the breath of some great demon of immensity were frozen by the cold of space upon his beard.

For there was never any elixir so instant magic as cocaine. Give it to no master whom. Choose me the last loser on the earth; take hope, take faith, take love away from him. Then look, see the back of that worn hand, its skin discolored and wrinkled, perhaps inflamed with agonizing eczema, perhaps putrid with some malignant sore. He places on it that shimmering snow, a few grains only, a little pile of starry dust. The wasted arm is slowly raised to the head that is little more than a skull; the feeble breath draws in that radiant powder. Now we must wait. One minute—perhaps five minutes

Then happens the miracle of miracles.

The melancholy vanishes, the eyes shine, the wan mouth smiles. Almost manly vigor returns, or seems to return. At least faith, hope and love throng very eagerly to the dance; all that was lost is found.

The man is happy.

To one the drug may bring liveliness, to another languor, to another creative force, to another tireless energy, to another glamour, and to yet another lust. But each in his way is happy. Think of it!—so simple and so transcendental! The man is happy!

I have traveled in every quarter of the globe; I have seen such wonders of nature that my pen sputters when I try to tell them; I have seen many a miracle of the genius of man, but I have never seen a marvel like this.

I

S THERE NOT A SCHOOL OF philosophers, cold and cynical, that accounts God to be a mocker? That thinks He takes His pleasure in contempt of the littleness of His creatures? They should base their theses on cocaine! For here is bitterness, irony, cruelty ineffable. This gift of sudden and sure happiness is given but to tantalize. The story of Job holds no such acrid draught. What were more icy hate, fiend comedy than this, to offer such a boon, and add "This you must not take"? Could not we be left to brave the miseries of life, bad as they are, without this master pang, to know perfection of all joy within our reach, and the price of that joy a tenfold quickening of our anguish?

The happiness of cocaine is not passive or placid as that of beasts. It is self conscious. It tells man what he is, and what he might be. It offers him the semblance of divinity, only that he may know himself a worm. It awakens discontent so acutely that never shall it sleep again. It creates hunger. Give cocaine to a man already wise, schooled to the world, morally forceful, a man of intelligence and self-control. If he be really master of himself, it will do him no harm. He will know it for a snare; he will beware of repeating such experiments as he may make, and the glimpse of his goal

may possibly even spur him to its attainment by those means which God has appointed for His saints.

But, give it to the clod, to the self-indulgent, to the blasé—to the average man, in a word—and he is lost. He says, and his logic is perfect: *This is what I want.* He knows not, neither can he know the true path, and the false path is the only one for him. There is cocaine at his need, and he takes it again and again. The contrast between his grub life and his butterfly life is too bitter for his unphilosophic soul to bear; he refuses to take the brimstone with the treacle.

And so he can no longer tolerate the moments of unhappiness, that is, of normal life, for he now so names it. The intervals between his indulgences diminish.

And alas! the power of the drug diminishes with fearful pace. The doses wax; the pleasures wane. Side-issues, invisible at first, arise: they are like devils with flaming pitchforks in their hands.

A single trial of the drug brings no noticeable reaction in a healthy man. He goes to bed in due season, sleeps well and wakes fresh. South American Indians habitually chew this drug in its crude form, when upon the march, and accomplish prodigies, defying hunger, thirst and fatigue. But they only use it in extremity; and long rest with ample food enables the body to rebuild its capital. Also, savages, unlike most dwellers in cities, have moral sense and force.

The same is true of the Chinese and Indians in their use of opium. Everyone uses it, and only in the rarest cases does it become a vice. It is with them almost as tobacco is with us.

But to one who abuses cocaine for his pleasure nature soon speaks, and is not heard. The nerves weary of the constant stimulation, they need rest and food. There is a point at which the jaded horse no longer answers whip and spur. He stumbles, falls a quivering heap, gasps out his life.

So perishes the slave of cocaine. With every nerve clamoring, all he can do is to renew the lash of the poison. The pharmaceutical effect is over; the toxic effect accumulates. The nerves become insane. The victim begins to have hallucinations. "See! There is a gray cat in that chair. I said nothing, but it has been there all the time."

Or, there are rats. "I love to watch them running up the curtains. Oh yes! I know they are not real rats. That's a real rat, though, on the floor. I nearly killed it that time. That is the original rat I saw; it's a real rat. I saw it first on my windowsill one night."

Such, quietly enough spoken, is mania. And soon the pleasure passes, is followed by its opposite as Eros by Anteros.

"Oh no! they never come near me." A few days pass, and they are crawling on the skin, gnawing interminably and intolerably, loathsome and remorseless.

It is needless to picture the end, prolonged as this may be, for despite the baffling skill developed by the drug lust, the insane condition hampers the patient, and often forced abstinence for a while goes far to appease the physical and mental symptoms. Then a new supply is procured, and with tenfold zest the maniac, taking the bit between his teeth, gallops to the black edge of death.

And before that death comes all the torments of damnation. The time sense is destroyed, so that an hour's abstinence may hold more horrors than a century of normal time-and space-bound pain.

Psychologists little understand how the physiological cycle of life, and the normality of the brain, make existence petty both for good and ill. To realize it, fast for a day or two; see how life drags with a constant subconscious ache. With drug hunger, this effect is multiplied a thousandfold. Time itself is abolished. The real metaphysical eternal hell is actually present in the consciousness which has lost its limits without finding Him who is without limit.

A man's life is his own and he has the right to destroy it as he will.

CONSIDER THE DEBT OF

mankind to opium. It is acquitted by the deaths of a few wastrels from its abuse?

For the importance of this paper is the discussion of the practical question: Should drugs be accessible to the public?

Here I pause in order to beg the indulgence of the American people. I am obliged to take a standpoint at once startling and unpopular. I am compelled to utter certain terrible truths. I am in the unenviable position of one who asks others to shut their eyes to the particular that they may thereby visualize the general.

But I believe that in the matter of legislation America is proceeding in the main upon a totally false theory. I believe that constructive morality is better than repression. I believe that democracy, more than any other form of government, should trust the people, as it specifically pretends to do.

Now it seems to me better and bolder tactics to attack the opposite theory at its very strongest point.

It should be shown that not even in the most arguable case is a government justified in restricting use on account of abuse; or allowing justification, let us dispute about expediency.

So, to the bastion—should "habit-forming" drugs be accessible to the public?

The matter is of immediate interest, for the admitted failure of the Harrison Law has brought about a new proposal—one to make bad worse.

I will not here argue "the grand thesis of liberty." Free men have long since decided it. Who will maintain that Christ's willing sacrifice of his life was immoral, because it robbed the state of a useful taxpayer?

No. A man's life is his own, and he has the right to destroy it as he will, unless he too egregiously intrude on the privileges of his neighbors.

But this is just the point. In modern times the whole community is ~~one's~~ neighbor, and one must not damage that. Very good. Then there are pros and cons, and a balance to be struck.

In America the prohibition idea in all things is carried, mostly by hysterical newspapers, to a fanatical extreme. "Sensation at any cost" is by *Sunday next* is the equivalent in most editorial rooms of the alleged German order to capture Calais. Hence the dangers of anything and everything are celebrated dithyrambically by the Corvairs of the press, and the only remedy is prohibition. A shot is B with a revolver, remedy, the Sullivan Law. In practice this works well enough for the law is not enforced against the householder who keeps a revolver for his protection, but is a handy weapon against the gangster, and saves the police the trouble of proving felonious intent.

But it's the idea that was wrong. Recently a man shot his family and himself with a rifle fitted with a Maxim silencer. Remedy, a bill to prohibit Maxim silencers! No perception that, if the man had not had a weapon at all, he would have strangled his family with his hands.

American reformers seem to have no idea, at any time or in any connection, that the only remedy for wrong is right; that moral education, self-control, good manners, will save the world, and that legislation is not merely a broken reed, but a suffocating va-

por. Further, an excess of legislation defeats its own ends. It makes the whole population criminals, and turns them all into policemen and spies. The moral health of such a people is ruined forever only revolution can save it.

However, let us concede the prohibitionist claims. Let us admit the police contention that cocaine and the rest are used by criminals who would otherwise lack the nerve to operate. They also contend that the effects of the drugs are so deadly that the cleverest thieves quickly become inefficient. Then for heaven's sake establish depots where they can get free cocaine!

You cannot cure a drug fiend; you cannot make him a useful citizen. He never was a good citizen, or he would not have fallen into slavery. If you reform him temporarily, at vast expense, risk and trouble your whole work vanishes like morning mist when he meets his next temptation. The proper remedy is to let him *gang his ain ga to the de'il*. Instead of less drug, give him more drug, and be done with him. His fate will be a warning to his neighbors, and in a year or two people will have the *sense* to shun the danger. Those who have not, let them die, too, and *save* the state. Moral weaklings are a danger to society, in whatever line their failings lie. If they are so amiable as to kill themselves, it is a crime to interfere.

You say that while these people are killing themselves they will do mischief. Maybe. But they are doing it now.

Prohibition has created an underground traffic as it always does and the evils of this are immeasurable. Thousands of citizens are in league to defeat the law, are actually bribed by the law itself to do so, since the profits of the illicit trade become enormous, and the closer the prohibition, the more unreasonably big they are. You can stamp out the use of silk handkerchiefs in this way, people say. "All right, we'll use linen." But the "cocaine fiend" wants cocaine and you can't put him off with Epsom salts. Moreover, his mind has lost all proportion. He will pay anything for the drug. He will never say, "I can't afford it." And if the price be high, he will steal, rob, murder to get it. Again I say: You cannot reform a drug fiend. All you do by preventing them from obtaining it is to create a class of subtle and dangerous criminals, and even when you have jailed them all, is anyone any the better?

While such large profits (from 1,000 to 2,000 percent) are to be made by secret dealers, it is to the interest of those dealers to make new victims. And the profits at present are such that it would be worth my while to go to London and back first class to smuggle no more than I could hide in the lining of my overcoat! All expenses paid, and a handsome sum in the bank at the end of the trip! And for all the law, and the spies, and the rest of it, I could sell my stuff with very little risk in a single night in the Tenderloin.

Another point is this: Prohibition cannot be carried to its extreme. It is impossible, ultimately, to withhold drugs from doctors. Now doctors, more than any other single class, are drug fiends, and also, there are many who will traffic in drugs for the sake of money or power. If you possess a supply of the drug, you are the master, body and soul, of any person who needs it.

People do not understand that a drug, to its slave, is more valuable than gold or diamonds. A virtuous woman may be above rubies, but medical experience tells us that there is no virtuous woman in need of the drug who would not prostitute herself to a ragpicker for a single sniff.

I still say that prohibition is no cure. The cure is to give the people something to think about; to develop their minds, to fill them with ambitions beyond dollars; to set up a standard of achievement which is to be measured in terms of eternal realities; in a word, to educate them.

If this appears impossible, well and good. It is only another argument for encouraging them to take cocaine. □



IDEALISTS

"IF YOU CAN'T PRODUCE THE ABORTIFACIENT YOU PURCHASED, THEN WE WILL EXECUTE YOU FOR MURDER," THE PRIEST SAID.

They were waiting in the darkened living room when she got home with the laundry. The priest had put on a Roman collar. The woman with him was plump and fiftyish, with billowing white hair and a smile as fixed and unnatural as the teeth it bared. She stood to the side of the door, in a slight crouch, arms locked, both hands holding the pistol at dead center on Marilyn's chest in approved combat position.

"Miss Granger, please come in. And try to behave with restraint. Any outcry will only provoke us to deal with you more summarily. You cannot wish that, nor do we." He spoke in a tone of professional benevolence, evenly and calmly, as to a pet. "Place your parcels by the door—yes, like that—and now take a seat in the chair facing me."

Marilyn did as the priest ordered. The woman with the gun closed the door to the hall and stood against it. She held the gun lower now, pointing it at Marilyn rather than taking aim.

"You understand why we are here," the priest declared.

She nodded.

"And you do not deny the charges?"

"Charges? This is my living room, not a court of law."

The priest smiled. "The court of natural law is in session at all times and in all places. Examine your heart. The verdict has been written there."

"And the sentence?" She turned her head and smiled defiantly at the white-haired woman, who responded with a slow, cau-

tious waving of the gun.

"For murder" the priest said, "the sentence is death."

You sanctimonious hypocrites." Marilyn spoke as calmly as the priest.

"Hypocrites? On the contrary, Miss Granger we are practicing exactly what we preach. If the civil law refuses to recognize the enormity of your crime, which is nothing less than participation in genocide—if the law winks and looks the other way when it becomes the responsibility of every informed citizen to see that justice is done."

"How did you get in here?" Marilyn demanded. She refused to give him the satisfaction of an abstract argument.

"That's quite beside the point," said the priest.

The woman with the gun made a prum derisive snort. "We told the doorman we were your parents."

"And he believed you? Old as you look?"

"Please Miss Granger," said the priest. "Our time is limited; we should not waste it in trivial sarcasms. Do you deny the charge? Can you show us evidence that you have not used the abortifacient you purchased three days ago at the pharmacy of the Manhattan Presbyterian Center?"

"My dealings with hospitals and drugstores are my own damned business."

"Damned is an apposite term. We have documentary evidence of that purchase, as well as the testimony of witnesses."

"Paid informers, or did they volunteer the information?"

"We pay our source in the billing office a small emolument. Our other surveillants are volunteers. But our methods need not concern you. If you can produce the abortifacient you purchased, or if you can otherwise prove that you have not destroyed the child in your womb, then we will leave—provided that you give us your solemn word that you will never again seek to take the life of an unborn child."

"And if I can't, you mean to kill me?"

"We will execute you for the murder you've committed, yes. Miss Granger. In the present circumstances that is a regrettable necessity. We cannot institute secret penitentiaries. Execution is therefore the only effective deterrent to the continuing practice of abortion in those states where it remains legal. If you lived in Utah, or any of a dozen other states, you might be prosecuted under the laws of that state, and prolife activists would not be compelled to see a rougher sort of justice done. But rough or smooth, justice will be done: we've taken our vow to that. Now I repeat my question: Can you prove that your child is still alive? If you will allow us to test a sample of your urine, that would suffice. The test can be done in fifteen minutes."

"Fuck off."

"Don't you ever talk to a priest like that," said the woman with the gun. "Murderess!"

"People in glass houses," said Marilyn "shouldn't cast the first stone."

"We haven't come here to debate the rel-

continued on next page

FICTION BY

THOMAS M. DISCH

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION ACT OF AUGUST 12 1970 SECTION 3685 TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE for May 12, 1982 of *High Times*, published monthly at 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023, and having headquarters and general business offices at 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023.

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(Signed) Andy Kowl, Publisher

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) Andy Kowl, Publisher

IDEALISTS

continued from preceding page

ative merits of our ethical beliefs. Miss Granger. Concerning abortion there can be no more debating, nor can anyone reasonably claim ignorance regarding the law."

"The law of New York State?" Marilyn demanded.

"God's law," the priest replied, "under which, Marilyn Granger, I must now sentence you to die. However, I am obliged in charity to offer you an opportunity to confess your sins and to receive absolution."

"Well, that's better treatment than Joan of Arc got. I guess I should be grateful."

"Do you desire confession?" the priest insisted, imperturbably.

"Not in front of her," said Marilyn, nodding toward the woman with the gun.

"Therese, please go into the kitchen for a moment," the priest commanded.

"She's planning something, Father. I don't trust this one."

"She must be allowed a chance to confess, Therese. I shall be quite safe." He reached inside his black suit jacket and took out a 32 pistol.

Even with this assurance Therese seemed reluctant to go into the kitchen.

"Therese," he insisted.

As soon as the kitchen door had closed Marilyn's partners sprang the trap. Gavin entered through the hall door, and Jimmy came out from behind the panel in the kitchen. The priest fired at Marilyn, and she felt the hammer-blow of the bullet's concussion against her protective vest. Before he could get off a second shot, Gavin's automatic had pumped three bullets into him, the third striking his head at the low parting line of his hair just above his right ear, dislodging his toupee.

There had been no gunfire in the kitchen. Evidently, Therese had surrendered without resistance.

"Are you all right?" Gavin asked.

Marilyn reached inside the stiff fabric of the vest and touched the bruised flesh of her abdomen. "I'll live I guess."

Jimmy led the white-haired woman out of the kitchen in handcuffs. She looked once directly at the priest's body slumped in the sofa, then turned to glare at Marilyn. "You've killed one of God's own saints," she said. "And I hope you burn in hell for it. There wasn't even an abortion, was there? It was all a trap."

Marilyn nodded.

The woman began to cry.

After Jimmy had taken his prisoner down to the squad car, Marilyn said, "Christ, Gavin, I would rather be a decoy on the vice squad than to go through another operation like this."

"Yeah, I know, kid—it's tough."

"Sometimes, I don't know." Marilyn looked down at the dead priest and sighed. "Sometimes I almost wish I weren't a Catholic." □

THE MOUTHPIECES

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fifth federal circuit but convictions under it can be appealed to the Supreme Court. If that happens, the 'good faith exception' could become the law of the land. Four justices have already said they support it in principle. In the eyes of most defense lawyers, that would tear the guts out of the exclusionary rule and render the Fourth Amendment meaningless. Without the rule says Gentile, "there is nothing standing between jack-booted vandals and myself."

But as Michael Kennedy points out, the dark forces have not limited their attacks to the Fourth Amendment. There is also the Fifth, with its right to due process of law and protection against self-incrimination; the Sixth, which guarantees right to counsel and the Eighth prohibiting cruel and unusual punishment. All are being hacked away in the name of the War on Drugs.

And who fights back? The much maligned, sleazebag money grubbing dope lawyers. You can keep your puritanical, law-and-order superpatriots, the real defenders of the American Way are the hot-shot drug attorneys. Incensed government officials seek to have them disbarred, framed and jailed, but they bear the onslaught and guard the flames of liberty.

You could almost get choked up about it, if so many of them weren't driving around in Rolls Royces, flying first class, wearing \$400 suits and handmade boots and carrying Gucci briefcases. But the style they have the cash to indulge in gives them a heroic aura—knights of freedom in the polished armor of wealth. Not that they are especially virtuous but the historical moment and their unique talents have combined to give them a fortuitous package: the luxury to pursue their pleasures and the pressure to maintain their principles. The DEA and the predatory prosecutors keep them honest in the same way that wolves maintain the health of a herd of caribou by attacking and consuming the unfit.

When Stepanian and I got back into the Caddy to drive to Marin, the woman facing the heroin bust was fresh in my mind, and I was nostalgic for the '60s, for free stores and be-ins and the great visionary, egalitarian, warless world we were all going to build. Spare change? Sure, it was mostly a crock, but being around so many people who kind of believed it cast a wonderful spell.

I asked Stepanian some more questions as we crossed the Golden Gate, and he answered, but he seemed to be drifting. Maybe he was having his own '60s flashbacks. He advised me to talk to some other local lawyers, mainly some guy named Tony Serra. I told him politely that it sounded like a good idea, but I was about lawyered out.

As we pulled into the Marin County Courthouse parking lot, Stepanian suddenly hit the brakes. "There he is! There he is!" he was yelling at me. "That's Tony. Tony

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BOOBY TRAP:

Unsafe at Any Weed

by Warren Dearden

A Hawaiian's-eye view of marijuana security alternatives.

MARIJUANA GROWERS IN CAMOUFLAGE suits, armed with automatic weapons, are roaming the hills of Kauai, terrorizing innocent backpackers and unsuspecting nature lovers. A deadly assortment of booby traps have been discovered by police surrounding clandestine marijuana patches amidst the lush foliage of the Big Island's and Oahu's state forest preserves. The tourists are frightened, the governor is pissed and the law-enforcement establishment is shouting for recriminalization. In Hawaii we have a word for this sort of thing. The word is *shibai*, and it means "bullshit."

Though armed marijuana growers are clearly no novelty in Hawaiian jungles, there has never been a report of anything worse than a "beat it and don't come back" or its equivalent, the traditional shot in the air. Most veteran growers have a tale or two to tell about gunpoint ripoffs. Many of them will admit to packing a firearm when they go on their critical harvest runs. And at least a few of them volunteer firsthand confirmation of those oft-repeated underground rumors: of huge heavily guarded "syndicate" marijuana patches in western Maui and Kona. Oddly enough the most dramatic confirmation of these rumors comes neither from police propaganda nor from the growers' underground, but from a pair of U.S. government ornithologists.

Ornithologists from the Fish and Wildlife Service have been busy for the last decade or so surveying the forest bird population of the Hawaiian Islands, a population that includes something like half the rare and endangered species in the United States. This survey didn't involve bird-watchers randomly roaming the jungle, but was conducted according to a strict methodology, after months of meticulous preparation. First of all, trails—transects, as wildlife biologists call them—had to be cut in straight lines from the top to the bottom of each mountain, at carefully measured intervals. The ornithologists then conducted the actual survey by proceeding down these transects, pausing at predetermined intervals for predetermined periods, counting the

birds mostly with their well-trained ears. This was perhaps the grandest ornithological survey ever undertaken anywhere, carefully planned for years in advance to cover every possible contingency. But, as one of the scientists who conducted the survey ruefully admits, "Dope growing was something we never planned for."

When the survey started its fieldwork in the early '70s and began stumbling across jungle marijuana patches, the potential for conflict immediately became evident, so the survey's planners developed a tacit hands-off policy. Field-workers were instructed to treat marijuana patches as "impassable obstacles"—as features of the Hawaiian landscape, like sheer precipices and roaring waterfalls, to be circled around regardless of proper transects, and neither molested nor reported to legal authorities. It was thus as an "impassable obstacle" that a pair of the survey's ornithologists treated the patch of marijuana they came upon one afternoon in the mid '70s as they descended a transect in a remote area of the Big Island.

The patch was situated directly in the path of the transect, stretching off to both right and left, so they turned left and began following the contour of the slope. But after they'd beaten through the bush for about a quarter of a mile (and these guys, remember, are experts at measuring distance), they still hadn't found the end of the patch. Since nightfall was approaching, they decided to break the rule and cross through it.

Within five minutes of crossing over into the patch, they came up behind a couple of guys with shotguns, who, upon hearing the ornithologists, wheeled around, raised their guns and shouted, "Hold it!" A tense moment, to say the least: Since these ornithologists understood perfectly well the immensity of the dope plantation they'd stumbled upon, they could easily infer under whose auspices it was being cultivated.

"Er . . . ahem . . ." they said, as soon as they recovered their voices. "Well, we're from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and—"

"What? U.S. what?"

"Birds! We're studying the birds here in—"

"Da birds? You da bird guys? Oh! Eh, man, no worry, dese guys cool!"

Luckily, their reputation (and the survey's hands-off policy) had preceded them. Evidently, a similar encounter the year before had persuaded an important segment of the underground that these biologists were trustworthy. In any case, the growers invited the scientists to sit down and share the pig they were roasting; and they ended up spending the night at the grower's camp talking shop till dawn. (It should be noted that patches such as this one, large enough to need armed guarding, can only be found in the most remote regions of the jungle, where even the most energetic of sightseers is unlikely to stray.)

A FLOWERING MARIJUANA PLANT has been aptly described, in terms of its vulnerability to ripoff, as a shrub covered with twenty-dollar bills. It's a conspicuous, easily recognized plant standing out distinctly amid a field of weeds to the practiced eye of the grower, cop or dope thief. A money tree, in effect, tempting to even the marginally larcenous. It's valuable property that can be concealed only within the limits of its needs for light and fresh air. A property especially tempting to the habitually larcenous because of its ready convertibility to cash (or smoke). It is in truth a great deal less risky to steal somebody else's marijuana, as far as the law is concerned, than to try to grow your own—as well, obviously, as being a hell of a lot less work. Nobody who proposes to become the cultivator of a flowering marijuana plant can afford to overlook that ugly reality, or neglect the special problems of the plant's security.

One solution is total concealment, growing it indoors under artificial light, or in a Filon-roofed growhouse. (Filon is the trademark for an opaque plastic roofing material that admits all crucial parts of the photosynthetic spectrum.) This reduces the security problem to lock and key, stone wall and iron bar: an excellent solution when it





is feasible, providing the fortifications remain inconspicuous (and your light bill doesn't suspiciously skyrocket). But there are naturally a good many clandestine cultivators who lack the space or capital to construct a secure growhouse; whose nosy neighbors or law-enforcement authorities preclude this solution. And there are cultivators whose ambitions may exceed the practical limits of a small, inconspicuous growhouse or who may be aesthetically offended by the vibes of high-security dope growing. For these, camouflage and inaccessibility are the two basic defenses against ripoffs.

Pure camouflage is for the small-fry only. Millions of U.S. dope fiends have raised at least a plant or two behind a screen of shrubbery, or in a secluded corner of the patio. Thousands of contented Americans have discovered that a well-planned family-sized vegetable and flower garden can camouflage at least a few plants from all but the most intimate, systematic scrutiny; can be made to produce a family-sized stash, fairly reliably, under the very noses of ripoffs and cops. But pure camouflage has its inherent limits. The technique is almost always betrayed by trying to grow too many plants. And nobody ever knows how many "too many" is until it's too late.

Pure inaccessibility is at the other end of the marijuana-growing spectrum and useful today only to those growers who can somehow protect their plants against helicopter-directed confiscations.

Most marijuana growers rely neither on pure camouflage nor on pure inaccessibility as a defense against ripoff, but try to make the best of both techniques, concealing their plants as well as they can, in the most out-of-the-way spots they can find. Different growers have different standards of inaccessibility. Nearly all Hawaiian growers depend on remoteness, on planting farther into the mountains than they hope ripoffs will be willing to hike. And some seasoned veterans, like Smokey the Dope, have taken the notion of inaccessibility to a whole other level.

"My standards of inaccessibility include at least one impassable barrier: a really steep, crumbly cliff, a narrow, twisty ledge; a waterfall you have to climb across on slippery handholds, a rushing stream you have to wade across. A ripoff isn't willing to risk his life, as a rule, just for the sake of snooping around where he *might* find some dope."

Smokey makes the best of camouflage, too, in his jungle growing.

"I take a roundabout route to my plants and take care to make no noticeable trail. I scatter my plants in twos and threes over a fairly wide area, so they're not so visible to helicopters. So even if I do get ripped off, I'm probably not gonna get wiped out entirely. What I'm doing is reducing the odds."

Reducing the odds is the name of the game in marijuana security. No camouflage

WATCH YOUR STEP!



"Most booby traps are alarm systems triggered by trip-wires," says our author. Can you spot the trip-wire in the above series of photographs? (Hint: It can be most easily detected in the lower right-hand corner of the middle photo.)

In truth,
it's a great deal
less risky to steal
somebody else's
marijuana than
to plant your own.



is foolproof, no inaccessibility absolute. No combination of them is proof against pure bad luck. So the sense of security these techniques give a marijuana grower is totally abstract—more like a cooled-out insecurity, really. A few veteran growers like Smokey can cool this insecurity out to the level of ultimately not giving a damn. But this level of Zen cool comes to most growers only after they've survived the devastation of their first ripoff, and it comes especially hard to dope-growing rookies. That sense of insecurity becomes increasingly harder to cool as the stakes go up, after the grower has invested months of grueling work and years of his health in bringing off a bonanza; as those flowering tops unfold in his anticipation into thick wads of legal tender. Getting ripped off at that point would shatter his dreams, would blow his mind; just thinking about it drives him up the wall. It is in this state of mind that even a relatively sane person is likely to start thinking of booby traps.

NOT EVERYONE WALKING THE streets is sane, of course, and the same is true of the Hawaiian jungle. The government itself, remember, just a decade ago sponsored the training of hundreds of thousands of young Americans in the fine art of tropical maiming and murdering. So there's no denying the possibility of a mayhem-prone paranoiac sowing the approach to his (or your!) marijuana patch with punji stakes, or rigging a trip-wire explosive calculated to cripple an intruder. There are, undeniably, a certain number of mayhem-prone growers in the islands who have extremely strong feelings about ripoffs. And anyone who doubts it need only regard the case of the notorious Maui ripoff who was discovered hanging from a roadside tree one morning a couple of years ago: a suicide, according to the police report. But those in the know still wonder if he nailed himself to the tree by his shirt collar before he tied his hands behind his back, or afterwards.

Most reasonably sane growers, when they begin to think of booby-trapping their dope plants, quickly reject the idea of lethal booby traps. Besides being morally loathsome, they're impractical. Blowing up an intruder is a first-rate way of calling attention to a dope patch. And there are other considerations as well that any booby-trap-minded grower ought to take into account such as the identity of the likely ripoff. For backyard and residential area growers there's always the possibility of your booby trap injuring your neighbor. Or your neighbor's teenage son. Or anybody's foolhardy teenage son—a kid doing the same thing you'd be doing if you were 15. Do you plan to continue living in this neighborhood? Are you willing to bring the heat down on yourself and on the whole local growing scene? A grower who considers carefully the moral and practical ramifications of

booby traps comes quickly to realize that the ideal trap is one that will frighten a ripoff rather than injure him seriously.

Most booby traps are alarm systems, triggered by trip-wires, by photoelectric cells, by mercury switches; by a variety of devices ancient and modern, obvious and outlandish. The simplest is the barking dog that brings the farmer running with his shotgun (or bites the ripoffs in the ass, even better). Another is the simple commercial portable burglar alarm that rings a loud bell when it is tipped over. Others, more sophisticated, set off howling sirens, recordings of gunshots and barking dogs, exploding fireworks and illuminating flares. These are great if you can keep the pets and kids away from them, and keep the wild animals and birds from triggering them. Generally speaking, it's best to connect the triggering system directly to the plants so that only a ripoff can set it off. And it's best to keep the system as simple as possible, in the interests of maintaining its reliability. Even a very slight clamor, telling a thief he's tripped an alarm system, is usually enough to make the ordinary ripoff take to his heels.

Such elaborate alarm devices are impractical for backwoods or jungle growers. For one thing, exposure to moisture reduces the reliability of any electronic device, or just about any kind of trigger. And loud alarms are less likely to intimidate ripoffs, naturally, when there's no one else to hear them for miles around. Many jungle growers have turned their inventiveness to the problem. One of them, for instance, has come up with a system that releases a really noxious smell when it is triggered. But this, like most such inventions, is too complicated to be reliable. And nobody has come up with a better all-weather, low-technology, highly selective and minimally hazardous device than the one its creator calls the "ripoff ripper."

It's elegant in its simplicity: a three- or four-foot length of nasty barbed wire wound around the bottom two or three feet of the plant's stem, staked firmly but inconspicuously to the ground with just enough slack in it so that it gives a little when it's yanked hard, then grabs hold like a bolt of house current.

It's effective, of course, only when it's a surprise. But that's the limit of any booby trap. And this one has the advantage of being strictly specific: offering no possible peril to passing strangers, kids or puppies, injuring only someone who's ripping the plant out of the ground. And injuring him in a way nicely calculated to keep him from ripping up any more.

THERE ARE A NUMBER OF VARIATIONS on the basic "ripoff ripper." There are ways to rig a barbed-wire trap that could in theory launch a thorny tangle of the stuff into a ripoff's face as he stooped to cut the stem. Razor blades glued along the stem might be as effective, or more effective, than barbed wire. Fishhooks might be a substitute or a

supplement to the basic ripper, whereas (as any fisherman can tell you) they can be rigged to come flying out of a plant at a ripoff like a cloud of angry wasps. But perhaps the most promising variation is the nonviolent alternative to the ripper: the application of an ultraslick substance to strategic parts of the stem—the lar-baby trick. Caution needs to be used with this one, though, in the choice of a nontoxic, sticky substance. To prevent any possible damage to the plant (or the smoker), a paper collar should first be wound around the stem.

To imagine the success of this last variation—a ripoff fleeing your patch, glued to your prize plant—is stuff right out of a Cheech and Chong movie, admittedly. But, in truth, it's no more incredible than the logic behind all booby traps. They work only on the unwary, and not all the time; and, even if they do work, there's only a slight chance that they're going to work as well as you hope. If they do fractionally reduce the odds of a ripoff, they greatly increase the odds of your getting your ass in hot water over your dope-growing escapade. As a practical matter, they're more trouble than they're worth, in the nearly unanimous opinion of veteran growers. And they're wretched karma as well. More important, they are diametrically opposed to that ideal Zen cool.

Smokey is a nearly perfect model of that ideal a veteran of over a dozen dope-growing seasons; victim of numerous ripoffs (including one ten-pound wipeout a couple of years back), who yet remains a gentle, trusting, honest person. There is no one I can think of better qualified to address the question of booby traps, or the whole problem of ripoffs:

"I personally would never set a booby trap, for the same reasons I wouldn't take a gun into the jungle. I think that when you begin to have homicidal feelings about ripoffs it's a sign you're growing too much dope, or shouldn't be growing dope at all. Because paranoia is the chief occupational hazard of dope growing. Paranoia wipes more people out than the cops or ripoffs ever do."

"I grow dope for a living, mainly, but I wouldn't have kept doing it all these years if I was doing it just for the money. A lot of the satisfaction I get out of growing dope is knowing that I'm doing society a service, spreading peace in the world. I know that there's someone somewhere smoking one of my buds and getting mellowed out of some violent impulse. So it doesn't ultimately matter how that bud gets to him—through me or through a ripoff. My effort is never totally wasted."

"Sure, I admit that detachment is hard to maintain at times. But that's when you really need it. That's when you've got to have it all ready to wrap yourself up in. The main thing you've got to watch out for about dope growing is that it doesn't make you crazy." □

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Big Al gets a pointer from small writer Henry Miller

INTERVIEW: AL GOLDSTEIN

continued from page 37

GOLDSTEIN: I'd like to slip it to her. I have a feeling that if I came in her mouth she'd swallow it, except she'd want me to kiss her afterwards. That's very romantic.

HIGH TIMES: How about Nancy Reagan?

GOLDSTEIN: I'd fuck Nancy because she's got nice legs and I'd like to come in her mouth.

HIGH TIMES: Ron, Jr.?

GOLDSTEIN: I'd fuck him in the ass. Then I'd hire him as my secretary. I'd like to see what you suckheads are going to do with this interview. Just a nice Jewish boy trying to get through the day.

HIGH TIMES: Who gave you the best blow job?

GOLDSTEIN: Linda Lovelace gave me the most dramatic one. It wasn't the best because my cock would disappear and I swear to God it was depressing because it was with such ease that she got it down that I felt totally inadequate.

HIGH TIMES: Were you fat then?

GOLDSTEIN: I was fat. I saw the blow job in photos because I couldn't look over my stomach and see it down her throat.

HIGH TIMES: How about the blow job you got on film in *It Happened in Hollywood*?

GOLDSTEIN: That was a funny incident. Here's a girl sucking my cock, her name was Kathy, and I wanted to meet her for lunch because she had cute legs and I wanted to eat her and she said, no, she had a boyfriend. But she'd suck my dick. Then I realized, that's porn. You're paid to suck cock but to meet for lunch would be a real date. Just the opposite of the Jewish thing. Any girl will meet you as long as you're buying food but no one is going to suck your dick unless you're engaged.

HIGH TIMES: The thing about Jewish girls: they either give the best or the worst head.

GOLDSTEIN: My fantasy is still Italian women.

HIGH TIMES: How about black women?

GOLDSTEIN: Schwartzes can be hot, especially if they like white Jewish guys. They're free in terms of a great hedonism.

"People are afraid I'm going to pull my cock out onto their plate. I have to prove to them I'm normal."

They appreciate sexual partners who strive to give them sexual pleasure. Black guys are into power. Eating pussy is a feminine thing for them. Mafia guys used to be that way. They wouldn't eat pussy. The Mafia guys just now discovered pussy and coke and they overdo both.

HIGH TIMES: You have a lucrative operation here and the porno industry is known to have strong ties to the Mafia. How have you managed to keep independent?

GOLDSTEIN: The Mafia's into everything. They're into distribution: they distribute your magazine, the *New York Times*. I probably have lower-class families than everyone else. The boys are into everything.

HIGH TIMES: Weren't you once pistol-whipped by some mob guys?

GOLDSTEIN: Yeah, six years ago. I reviewed a massage parlor in *Screw* and they didn't like the review, so they came in here with two guns—two men and two guns—they laid eighteen people in the office on the floor and brought me into another office and worked me over. So now I just keep shotguns here. No one's gonna tell me what to do. Fuck the Mafia!

HIGH TIMES: Fuck the Mafia!

GOLDSTEIN: I have delusions of *Godfather I* and *II*. Nobody's gonna tell me what to do except maybe a Jewish wife. She'll break my chops they know how to do it, and my mother can still get to me.

HIGH TIMES: Actually, you have a wonderful relationship with your parents. Your father still sends you clips of sex-related articles from the Miami papers, doesn't he?

GOLDSTEIN: He still works for me. He's coming in Tuesday. He works in the mailroom to make sure no one steals stamps from me. My mother went on the Tom Snyder show. I told her to wear a *Screw* T-shirt. She did some bumps and grinds, took her blouse off and there was the word *Screw* on network TV for twelve minutes. And my wife Gina said, "Don't do it—it's not dignified." I said, "Mom, fuck Gina. Do it." Tom loved it. My mom was upset that after that Donahue didn't invite her on. She's waiting for some more calls.

HIGH TIMES: *Screw* provides the men who

read it with a lot of consumer information. Didn't you used to test out all the sexual paraphernalia you'd advertise?

GOLDSTEIN: I remember your man Latimer wrote a funny piece for me. He tested one of the items used to enlarge your cock, and he got bubbles in his dick. The company continued to advertise, even though Latimer gave them a zap, it doubled sales for them. Then someone was selling pulverized grass. I don't know if they sell it in your magazine. It was lawn grass all mashed up. Sales tripled. It's like my readers want to get ripped off.

HIGH TIMES: What role do you think *Screw* played in the sexual revolution?

GOLDSTEIN: We were precedent setters. The battles we won opened things up for Hefner and Guccione.

HIGH TIMES: If Hefner is the godfather of the whole sexual revolution, what are you?

GOLDSTEIN: Probably the jokester. I'm like the comic relief. I don't have the mansion and the Jacuzzi. I'm in a dump on Fourteenth Street near the Salvation Army. If I get laid it's a hooker or some porno actress who thinks I'll give her a good review. I'm the real person. They're living great lives, and I'm not. My life is normal.

HIGH TIMES: Come on. Your life isn't normal. You have a five-story town house. Apartments all over the city filled with every conceivable electronic gadget.

GOLDSTEIN: Yeah, but I consider it a pov-

erty job compared to the others. I'm this guy who had a little candy store. I make good egg creams. I'm not an A&P like Guccione or Hefner. I got "Midnight Blue" and it stumbles along. My role is comic relief. I just did an article for *Penthouse* on a trip I did called "How to Go around the World and Not Get Laid." Everybody in *Forum* has all these wonderful experiences. I went to Bangkok—I didn't get laid. I'm in Manila—how can I fuck a hooker when right next to the girl they're selling penicillin on the street? In Bangkok I was too busy going to the tailor to get custom-made crocodile boots. I'm not a fantasy figure.

HIGH TIMES: Have you fucked any celebrities?

GOLDSTEIN: No, I'd love to. Anyone who wants to, just send your address to the magazine. I'm not invited anywhere. I'm like a pariah. No one trusts me. Friends of mine who are in show biz when we go out say "Well, this is off the record," because no one trusts me. I'm never invited to all the pretty disco parties. I'm an outsider.

HIGH TIMES: When people meet you do you slip into the Goldstein persona?

GOLDSTEIN: Two things. One, I do Don Rickles, and on the other hand I try consciously to prove to them that I'm literate, bright and sane. I feel someone else has the benefit of the doubt but I have to go in the opposite direction. People are afraid I'm go-

continued on next page



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"Men are feeble
sexually. We're
so grateful to
sniff pussy.
That's a sad thing."

INTERVIEW: AL GOLDSTEIN

continued from preceding page

ing to pull my cock out onto their plate I have to prove to them I'm normal

HIGH TIMES: That must be a burden, normal social intercourse

GOLDSTEIN: It's exhausting. It's like you're always doing shtick. And you can't fuck women. I was down in South Carolina and some woman told me she'd never had an orgasm and she wanted me to give her one. I told her I'm not the tooth fairy. You've got to give you that orgasm, I'm only a friendly cock that's in a warm place. I didn't want the responsibility

HIGH TIMES: Why did you publish the nude photos of Jackie O?

GOLDSTEIN: How could you not? If I had some photos of Tony Curtis's cock or Kennedy's cock, I'd run them. I don't think that the public figure has privacy

HIGH TIMES: Do you think the sexual revolution's been won?

GOLDSTEIN: I think it's been won but who cares? It's boring. People always ask me if Jerry Falwell's affected me. There's always been Jerry Falwells. There was the Catholic Legion of Decency. There has always been censors—freedom versus non-freedom. Those who think an individual can handle things and those who think Big Brother should handle things. To me, the great book is Erich Fromm's *Escape from Freedom*. Some people are afraid of freedom. Drugs are an option you can use. I think it's a stupid option. I think if someone wants to coke themselves up they have the right to do it. If someone wants to kill themselves with a shotgun blast in the mouth, they have a right to do it

HIGH TIMES: So what's new on the sexual scene?

GOLDSTEIN: Abstaining, probably. Sex is boring, frankly. The swing clubs are the dullest experience. For a while they were wonderful. I mean, I would be eating a pussy, I didn't know who it belonged to. Somebody would be sucking my cock. I didn't know if it was a man or a woman. I'd fuck five people and then I'd shake hands later and say goodbye and I didn't know



Phyllis Galembo

who I fucked, who I didn't fuck. It was so meaningless. It was so boring, so alienating. The problem with swingers is they're all zealots. They think they're better than non-swingers. I think anyone who does anything to excess as I do so much of my life is sort of boring.

HIGH TIMES: How about the kinkier scenes?

GOLDSTEIN: The S&M thing. Fistfucking. I go to the Anvil and the Ramrod. What's sad about those places is seeing a thousand guys, all beautiful, good-looking, skinny guys, all gay—and there's not a smile. It's without passion. It's really like Dante's *Inferno*. I wrote a piece on that that I never ran in *Screw*, saying if this is what I wrought, if this is sexual freedom, it depresses me.

HIGH TIMES: That's a good question to ask yourself because I think a lot of what you did implemented that feeling of boredom.

The bottom dropped out of sex when it became as mundane as brushing your teeth.

GOLDSTEIN: Yeah, it was almost better when it was dirty. If you're over forty and grew up in the '30s and '40s, the Gay Talese of the world, when we got laid it was memorable. A kid now at eighteen gets laid, it's nothing special. Then you get married, you substitute routine substitute closeness. It's got nothing to do with excitement. Hookers are still exciting. Hookers have secrets. Mysteries are within them. They know men. I always ask them when I interview them, since they've been hookers have they lost respect for men? I can't believe they have not. How do you respect a man with a hard-on who will sell you his life, his children?

HIGH TIMES: Men with hard-ons are pathetic.

GOLDSTEIN: It's feeble. Men are feeble sexually. We're so grateful to sniff pussy. That's a sad thing. I gotta go. If you need more you can call me in the hospital.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have any great nurse blow-job fantasies?

GOLDSTEIN: Many. That's why I'm anxious to go. I have a private room and everything. Just my luck I'll wind up with a big schvartz nurse who's eighty and she'll be reading the Bible. □

THE MOUTHPIECES

continued from page 58

Serra. Hey Tony! Get out here. Talk to him. Spend some time with him. I gotta find this guy. I'll meet you in the cafeteria later."

So, like it or not, I had one more interview to do, one more interview I'd been pursuing for months without knowing it. Serra was the dope lawyer who had brought the '60s into the '80s.

When we first sat down to talk in the courthouse cafeteria, Serra said he was suffering the "pang of defeat." He'd just lost a coke case, one of the ugly ones the feds were running these days. The main informant-witness had been Stephen J. Green, the former head of one of the largest cocaine importation-distribution outfits on the West Coast. Green had been set up, busted, convicted and sentenced to 20 years. Now, in exchange for a reduction of his sentence to 18 months and no prosecution on income tax charges, he had turned in the underlings in his organization, including several of his own relatives. "It was a test case, in a way," Serra said, "of whether the whale could disgorge the minnows and swim away." A prosecutorial-oriented jury, he complained, had convicted his client, even though Green's testimony had not been corroborated by unbiased witnesses and there was no physical evidence taken, no dope.

"In some countries, they can convict on a confession, so they torture for a confession," he said. "The first step toward that is allowing the uncorroborated word of an informant to prevail in a court of law. So this was a bitter loss."

Serra had one of the widest faces I've ever seen, framed by long, silver hair tied back in a ponytail. He wore disintegrating cowboy boots, a somewhat ill-fitting grayish suit, a pink shirt and gold-and-black striped tie. He looked like the shaman of some lost tribe.

As I walked with him to a courtroom appointment, he harassed me: "So you're doing a story on drug lawyers, cocaine lawyers? About their Jaguars and their money? You know, there are cocaine whores and cocaine dealers and cocaine lawyers, and I think they might have something in common. They're crass, avaricious vultures—an insult to everything the revolution of the '60s was about."

As we came into the courtroom, Serra pointed to a shabbily dressed old man in the corner. He looked to me like one of those sad retirees who attends trials to keep his mind from going blank. "There's a lawyer—he's a good lawyer, too," Serra said. "There are at least half a dozen like him in Marin. They're idealists. They take cases for the principle, not the money. They do good work. They just don't have diamond rings and ostrich boots. Why don't you do a story on them? No, you're part of drug capitalism. You have to cater to the commercial interests of your magazine."

"But aren't you a coke lawyer yourself?" I finally asked.

"Look," he answered, "I have a negative net worth of about fifty thousand dollars. I drive an old car. I live on about about six hundred dollars a month. On principle, I don't pay income taxes. Eighty percent of the cases I'm doing now I do for free, or I'm putting money into the case, because it costs money to do legal work."

For no reason at all, I asked, "Are you a libertarian?"

"No, I'm a Marxist," he shot back with a little smile.

Serra went to his hearing, and I met up with Stepanian. I told him I was impressed. Serra was no everyday tort reader. He was crucial to my story. It was a stroke of fate that we had run into him. He would be my ghost of Christmas past.

Stepanian listened to my ravings for a minute or two. Then he looked at me steely-eyed deadpan and said, "Tony Serra is the most important man in America today."

A couple of hours later, I walked into the office of the most important man in America. After sitting through a press conference about a Chinatown murder case, I had my chance to talk with his eminence. I had learned by this time that Serra had no mean reputation as a trial lawyer. He had won an acquittal in the retrial of Huey Newton, and had done the same thing for Russell Little of the SLA. He'd been one of the lead lawyers in getting a hung jury and dismissal in the huge federal amphetamine conspiracy trial of 15 Hell's Angels—a case the feds had spent millions of dollars trying to win. He was probably the equal of any dope lawyer in the United States.

I asked him why he practiced drug law, if he had such disdain for the profession. He raised the ante: "I think drug law should be practiced not as a profession, but as a religion. The most significant, long-lasting, revolutionary/evolutionary changes brought by the '60s had to do with drugs. People's access to drugs is supermeaningful. It's the last real level of freedom we have—the freedom to engage in the exploration of our minds and our value systems. The lawyers that protect that right have a religious calling."

But didn't that contradict his earlier ungenerous assessment of the drug bar?

The dope lawyers have been polluted by the system," he explained, "but it doesn't ultimately matter what their particular lifestyle is; their work has overriding, grave, moral historical value. When I'm harsh on a fellow lawyer, I'm bein' harsh on a fellow gladiator. I'm saying, 'Hey man, the value of the battle is in the battle, not in the trinkets they give on the side. Don't get caught up in the trinket shit!'"

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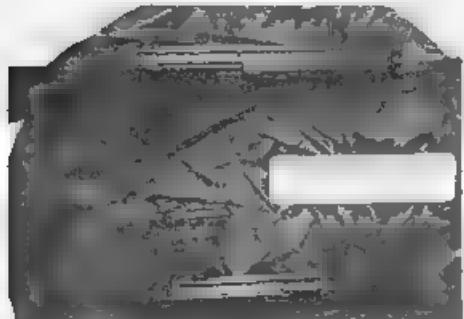
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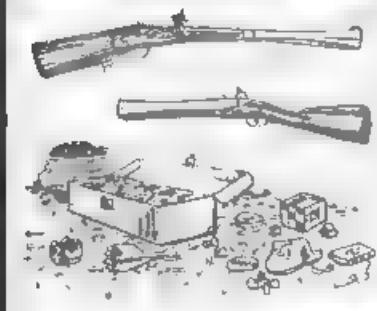
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Ed Wilson's SHOOTING GALLERY

veteran CIA agent and superpatriot Edwin Wilson has been fighting, undercover, out of uniform, for U.S. freedom and democracy since the rough-and-tumble Bay of Pigs raid on Cuba which he coorganized with Watergate hero Howard Hunt. In fact, the imminent collapse of U.S. freedom and democracy was signaled with Ed Wilson's recent arrest by thought police in New York City, on trumped-up charges of working heroically against black and Arab terrorists in

Africa.

To help raise his \$20-million bail, Ed Wilson has now signed onto FRAG's editorial board, as Special Operations Adviser. Henceforth, he'll be running this Advice to the Belligerent column, answering the most-often-asked questions from FRAG readers and subscribers. Write in now, and profit from Ed Wilson's special-action know-how, garnered over 20 years of illustrious success in the cloak-and-dagger field.

Dear Ed Wilson:

How do I know who to shoot and what do I shoot him with?

—Rodney Shiff, Columbus, Ohio



Dear Rod:

This is your Red Army infantryman, and he's a tough nut to crack. He carries the deadly Kalashnikov AK-47 which outshoots every sort of U.S. small-arms ordnance, and his treacherous Red Kremlin slave masters have taught him how to use it with unfair proficiency. So unless you can get the drop on his ass with a white phosphorous bomb from a B-52, I advise you to steer clear of this specimen. Luckily, he's not being fielded anywhere outside of Afghanistan, where the CIA won't allow U.S. mercs to operate.



This is your South African terrorist, or "terr" for short. There's a surplus of these in South Africa, where every nigger who spots on the sidewalk gets listed as a terr, and so the South African government is hiring foreign mercs in wholesale lots. The money's good and it's easy work, since what few terrs have guns don't know how to use them right, even if they've got the proper ammo. I recommend the FALN assault rifle from Fabrique Nationale in Belgium for killing

your South African terr, and my Belgian lawyers know where you can score whole shiploads of them for a song. Just call or write. I need the commission.



This is your Nicaraguan freedom fighter, or "Sandie" average age 17 years, weighing in at 92 pounds average. As you can figure for yourself your Sandie can be dropped with less than half of a typical eight-shot clip from a common 30.06 deer rifle. Nicaragua's Catholic, so there's plenty of Sandies, but the supply's dropping apace, so sign up quick with some CIA front "repatriation outfit in Guatemala or South Florida.



This is your typical next-door neighbor, who is only waiting for the final collapse of Washington central authority before he swarms over your wall, sodomizes your wife, eats your children, loots your stereo system and drives your car away over your bullet-riddled corpse. I recommend the 9-millimeter Browning automatic pistol for most next door neighbors. But if your neighbor's as crazy as you are, Rod, he's probably already got one, so you should one-up him with an M16 and a clutch of fragmentation or nerve-gas grenades. Call or write for wholesale price list.

Love & Kisses.

—Ed



THE LATRINES OF UMTALI

by Buddy "Brownfinger" Ecks

The dawn seeped red into the moiling clouds over Mozambique to the east, slowly etching the eerie African outline of Mount IFugyamutha into the vast savanna sky. IFugyamutha, that natural nest of terrorists, with its impenetrable maze of breakneck ravines infested with giant scorpions, laughing hyenas and purple-ass baboons so ugly only a Red black "terr" could love them. Advance recon had sighted a suspected terr on the far slope of IFugyamutha less than a month ago. By now the terrs might be dug in there like maggots in a zebra carcass, swarming and deadly, ready to break out with their Moscow-supplied terrorist gear. And today might be the day they'd do it.

So, slowly, carefully I unhitched the strap of my M203 40-millimeter grenade launcher—range only 400 meters, but watch out for miles around if she jams on you—and laid it next to my combat boots on the concrete floor of a tin shack in Umtali, 270 miles west of IFugyamutha. Then I slipped the strap of my Belgian FN FAL semiautomatic gas-operated 7.62 millimeter rifle off my shoulder and braced it sturdily against the shithouse wall. My Heckler & Koch VP 70 9-millimeter pistol's 18-shot clip rattled noisily, as I un-

buckled my gear belt, against my clutch of U.S.-issue TH3 AN-M14 incendiary grenades, so I set them down softly on the lid of the hole next to mine. Then I eased down my fatigue trousers and relaxed in this three-seater public latrine on the corner of Verkokteh Drive and Queen Anne's Place in downtown Umtali, listening intently to the rush and honk of traffic all around it. If any damned nog was to poke his fuzzy-wuzzy in here for the next half-hour, by Jesus, he'd wish his lips had stayed back in the bush for sure.

You know, I never did figure out who was shooting at who, the whole three weeks before they deported me back to Newark. How can you fight over a place with three-hole integrated public toilets, anyway? How do you tell if you've won or lost?

The author is a training-hardened veteran of Fort Dix, N.J., who spent four peril-packed years in the shadow of the Red Menace, guarding a U.S. Army officer's ski lodge near Wiesbaden, West Germany. In 1977 he enlisted in the White Rhodesian Mercenary Corps. Rhodesia was, despite such heroic efforts as recounted above, taken over by Communist Red black terrorists, and remains enslaved to this day.

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goa. can be reconstructed into a telltale corpus delicti by shrewd and zealous court investigators. Since the activities of BOSS must be conducted within the context of a sham democratic society complete with courts and prosecutors, it is crucial that someone "cover up all the traces" after a fivity interrogation. If you get the drift, and dispose of them completely. Please send curriculum vitae, list of campaigns, copies of medal commendations to: H. Tuericht, Laager Import-Export Corp., Pietermaritzburg, Natal. But tell no one about it. Or else

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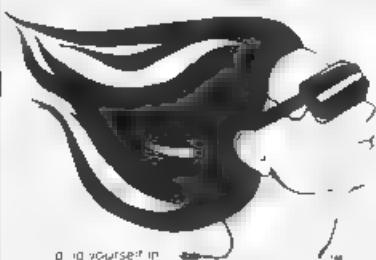
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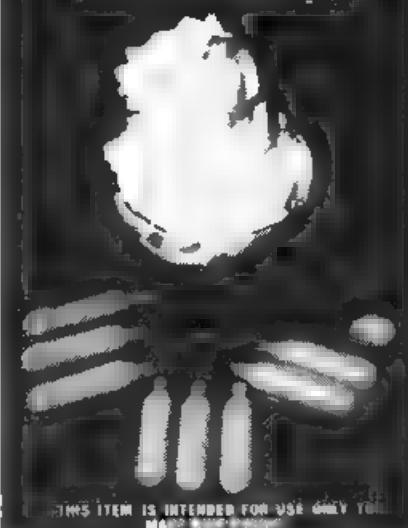
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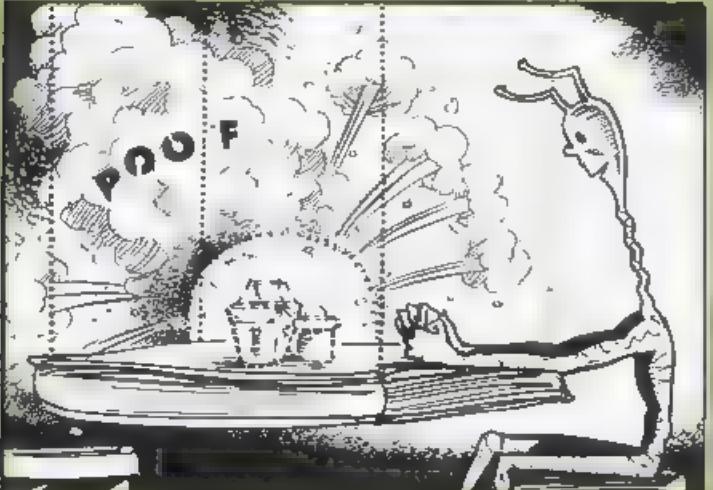
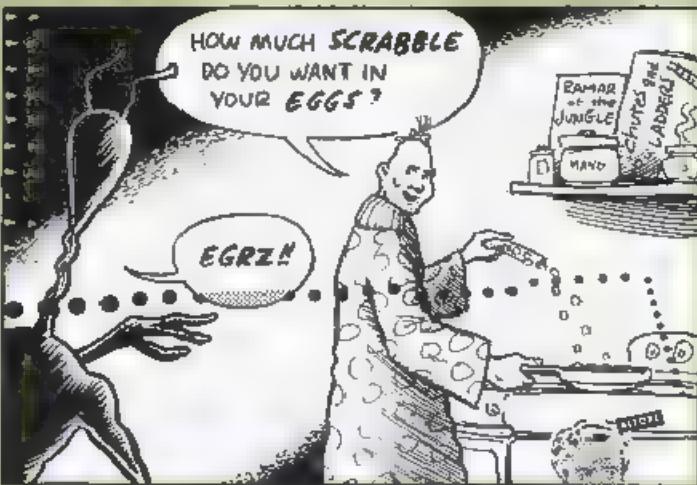
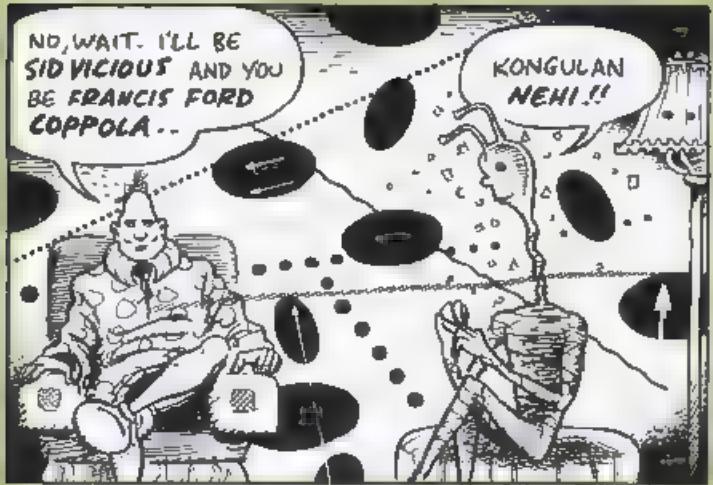
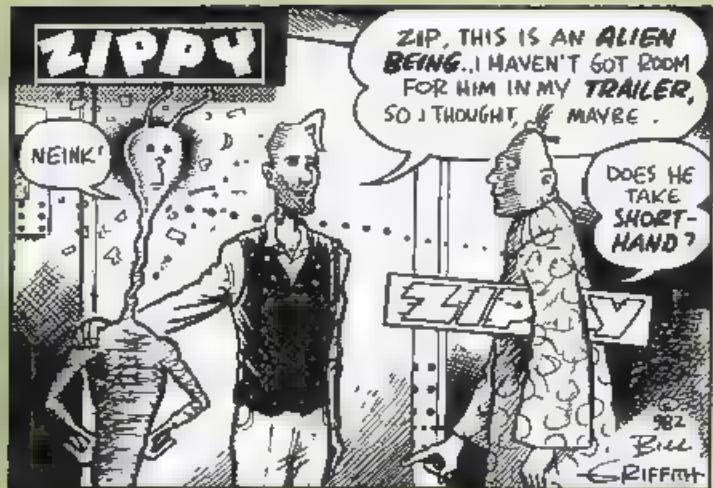
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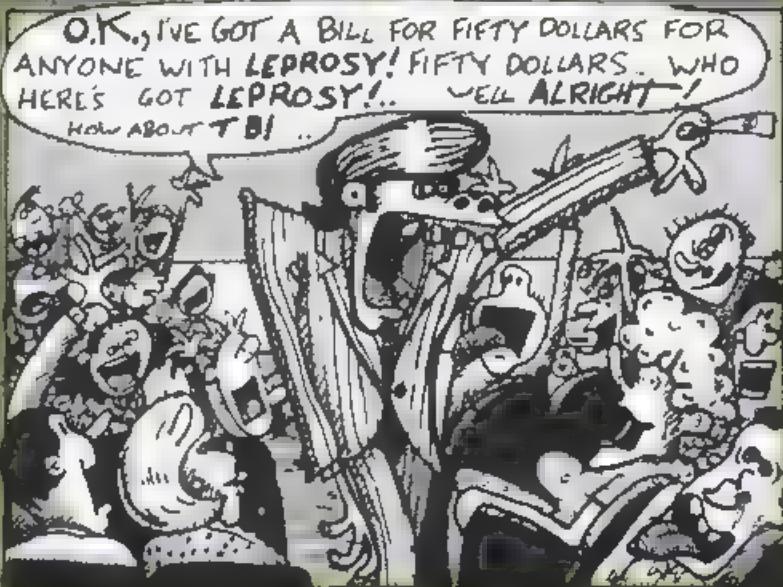
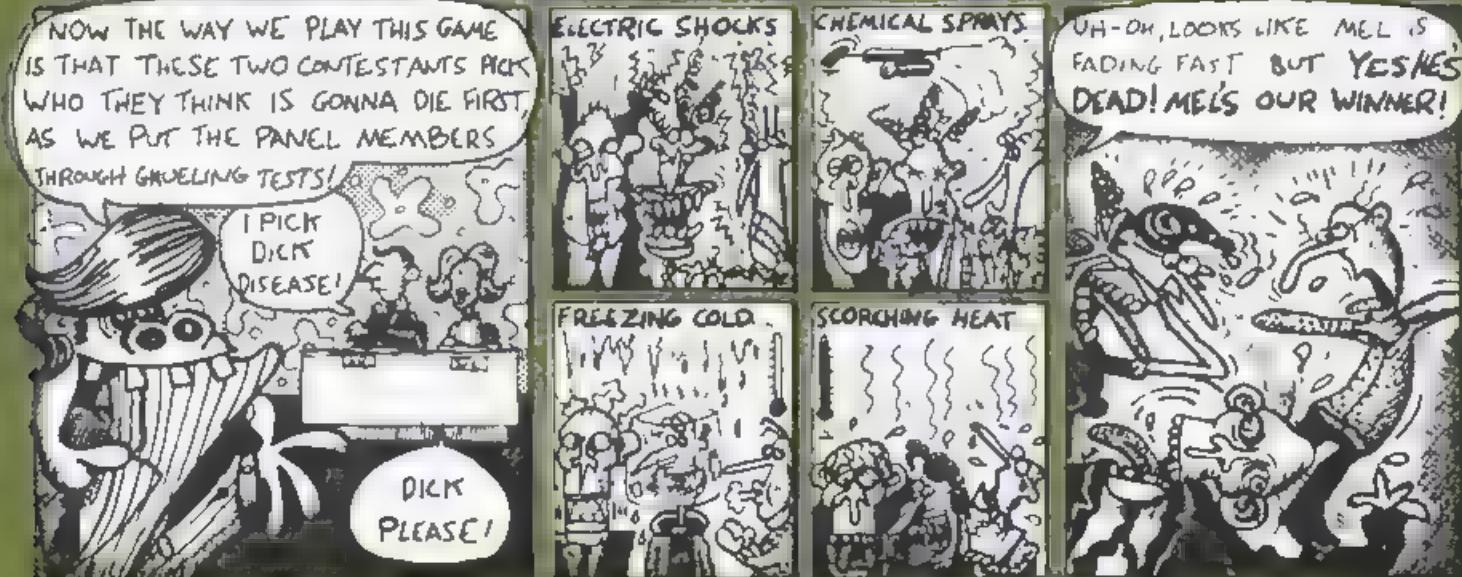
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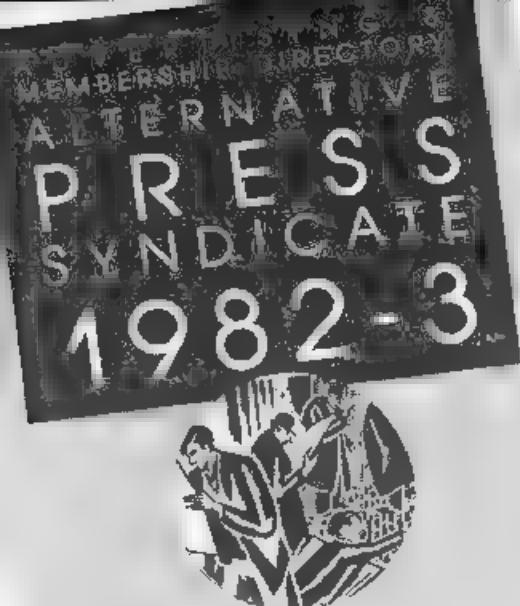


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283 RECENTLY IN A LONDON MAGISTRATE'S court the following exchange took place between the police officer giving evidence on a drug charge and the magistrate:

Magistrate: Have you the piece of cannabis found on the defendant?

Officer: Yes, your honour.

Magistrate: Has an analysis verified that in fact it is cannabis?

Officer: We haven't been able to get an analyst's opinion yet.

Magistrate: How then do you know that it was cannabis?

Officer: On smelling the substance I decided it was cannabis.

Magistrate: Well I think I am as good a judge as any as to whether it is in fact cannabis. Let me have a look at it.

Judge then proceeds to snuff substance suspiciously and finally licks the offending article just to make sure.

Magistrate: Very well, I am satisfied that it is in fact cannabis. Whereabouts did you find the cannabis?

Officer: Up the defendant's rectum, your honour.

284 ROMILAR NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN

285 SAN FRANCISCO NARCOTICS OFFICERS say they've tapped a new form of drug merchandising: marijuana beer.

A recent dope raid yielded the usual assortment of grass and pills, plus a 6-pack of something labeled "H-Brew" beer. Each bottle carries a list of its "all natural" ingredients plus a health warning: "Do not drive, exercise or use heavy machinery when under the influence of this beer."

Police say they were told the beer sold for \$5 a bottle and packed quite a wallop.

Zodiac News Service via
Star Root, Nov. 5, 1981



286 SCIENCE MAGAZINE REPORTS THAT researchers at the Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital have found that taking small doses of Miltown allows people to lie without detection on polygraph tests.

The researchers administered Miltown to a group of students who were assigned to tell lies to the lie detector. A 400 mg dose of Miltown allowed them to be with impunity.

DC Gazette, Summer 1981

287 MRS. REAGAN WAS SURE THAT her own children had tried marijuana, she said, adding: "I don't know of many young people nowadays who haven't but we never had any problem."

"First Lady Finds a Cause,"
New York Times, Feb. 19, 1982

288 SHOOT UP AND THE WORLD shoots up with you—OD and you OD alone.

Hank Falo, 1975

289 THE BARBITURATES MIGHT BE LABELED a "solid alcohol" and alcohol classed as a "liquid barbiturate".

Edward M. Brecher, *Licit and Illicit Drugs*, 1972

290 THE INDIANS SAY OF THE MUSHROOMS, "Le llevan ahí donde Dios está." "They carry you there where God is."

291 THE LAW IS CLEARLY OUT OF BALANCE when the penalty for possessing one marijuana cigarette is the same as for polluting California's beaches with millions of gallons of oil.

Charles O'Brien, chief deputy attorney general of California

292 THE OBVIOUS WAY OUT OF THE terrible economic problems of the Karen tribesmen in Thailand is opium. As a young man told me when I visited the hills, Opium is as easy to grow and harvest as rice. It takes up no space and will not go bad. You don't have to spend a day taking it to market because the buyer comes to you. And he will give you perhaps 20,000 baht (\$1000) for a three pound jar.

New York Times, Dec. 21, 1981



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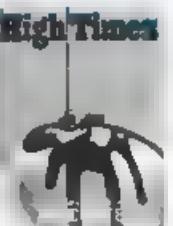
3. Winter '75



4. Spring '75



5. Aug/Sept '75



6. Oct/Nov '75



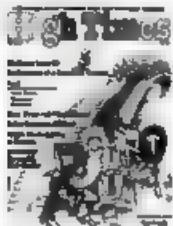
7. Dec/Jan '76



8. Mar. '76



17. Jan. '77



18. Feb. '77



19. Mar. '77



20. Apr. '77



21. May '77



22. June '77



23. July '77



24. Aug. '77



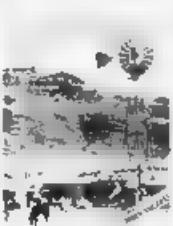
33. May '78



34. June '78



35. July '78



36. Aug. '78



37. Sept. '78



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39. Nov. '78



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52. Dec. '79



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68. Apr. '81



69. May '81



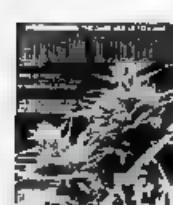
70. June '81



71. July '81



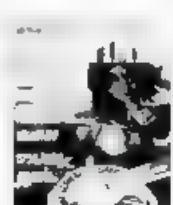
72. Aug. '81



74. Oct '81



75. Nov. '81



76. Dec. '81



77. Jan. '82



78. Feb. '82



79. Mar. '82



80. Apr. '82



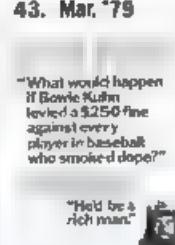
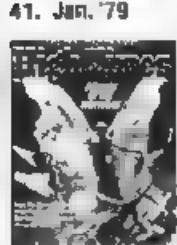
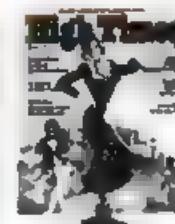
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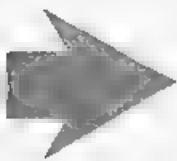
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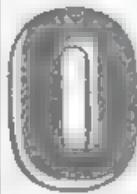
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* Sold Out



*Everybody
wants to have a
good time and
be really stupid
now and
again'*



Over the past year Madness has become England's most popular band, outselling better known groups such as the Police. A cursory look at their four LPs (the latest, a greatest-hits collection called *Complete Madness*) explains why. The seven-man outfit plays with the heart and energy of people who genuinely enjoy making music, and their songs offer a refreshing breath of hope and humor at a time when British rock has been weighted down with pretense for what seems like a lifetime. Indeed, for a lot of young fans, Madness may well be the most upbeat, happy-go-lucky band they've ever encountered.

The band emerged as part of the 2-Tone ska phenomenon that swept Britain in 1979. In '78 the band had been scuffling around in North London under the name of the Invaders. They chose the name Madness after a song by the Jamaican toastmaster Prince Buster. In '79 they came to the attention of the Specials, the band that started 2-Tone with a humorous ska-derived tune dedicated to Buster, called "The Prince." The band's comic panache and energetic live show won Madness an instant following and brought them to the attention of the mainstream record business.

By the end of '79 Madness had signed with Stiff records and released a classic first album, *One Step Beyond*. The album cover alone went a long

way to establishing the band's nutty Marx Brothers-meet-the-Three Stooges image. The group is lined up back-to-back in the R. Crumb *Truckin'* position made famous by Mr. Natural. The album's title track became a huge hit single and the accompanying promotional video is generally considered one of the best examples of the medium. The comic set-piece opens with the zany presence of head nutter Chas Smash aka Carl, intoning the band's official introduction: "Hey you! Don't watch that! Watch this! This is the heavy heavy monster sound! The nuttiest sound around! So if you're coming off the street, and you're beginning to feel the heat, well, listen buster! You better start to move your feet to the rocking est rock steady beat of Madness! *One Step Beyond*!"

This guy's role in the band was to shout weird interjections and dance around the stage wildly. "I was just a joker," explains Carl. "Once Thommo [Madness saxophonist] asked me to introduce the band, so I wrote up the 'One Step Beyond' intro and introduced them onstage. I used to be out of me nut on speed all

the time in the beginning, and I used to dance in front of the stage. Then they got a bigger gig so I came out. I was really into it. I just danced all the time and really enjoyed it! In a way I pushed my way into the band.

In fact, Madness didn't hire Carl full time until they were ready for their first American tour, but his image and crazy banter is the key to the Madness identity. What set Madness apart from other bands identified with 2-Tone like the Specials, Selecter and Bad Manners, is that while relying on the basic dance rhythm of ska the band embellished its songwriting with a lot of other elements. "We always tried to tell people that we weren't ska," says Carl. "If no one had ever heard our stuff we'd have probably been stuck with the ska tag, but luckily we were popular, so people did get a chance to listen to our records and they could see for themselves that we had lots of different influences." Lurking beneath the surface was a bit of Motown, some Beatlesque melodic influences and an unpredictable eclecticism that marked them as heirs to the

Ian Dury school of British rock eccentrics. Weird tunes like "Night Boat to Cairo" and "Chipmunks Are Go!" alternate with beautifully drawn human-interest scenarios like "My Girl" and "Bed and Breakfast Man."

Madness continued its hot hand into 1980 with a terrific second album, *Absolutely*, which included the hit singles "Baggy Trousers," a humorous evocation of school days, "Embarrassment," a topical song about interracial love, and the clever instrumental "Return of the Los Palmas 7."

In a novel but extremely shrewd move, Madness made a concerted pitch for an extremely young audience to go along with the swelling ranks of adult fans they already had. After a sellout Saturday-morning performance at the Hammersmith Odeon in London, designed to attract the under-16 crowd, the band proceeded to schedule matinees for the same audience before each of their regular night shows. The response was much to their liking. "I suppose it's as much for our benefit as the kids," says lead vocalist Suggs. "Kids are entitled to it. You always see them crushed at the very front, or more often stuck outside unable to get in. When it's all kids they go completely loony. They've got no preconceptions or ideas about being supercool. They're just great gigs."

continued

Mondo Madness

by John Swenson



The band's visual genius and shrewd direction from Stiff head Dave Robinson continued to produce excellent promotional videos for Madness singles, and in '81 they made a film, *Take It or Leave It*, that mythologized the band's rise from obscurity deftly providing plenty of opportunity for the madcap antics that have been the band's most effective device. "It's just about a lot of ordinary people who join a band and make a record," says Suggs of the film. "Anyone can do that. The film just shows that anyone can make a record. We didn't want it to be all hotels, tours, albums, studio talk and all the music business things. We wanted it to be about us as people and how the band Madness came to be. After all the rubbish like *Breaking Glass* we just felt that somebody should do a proper film about starting a group."

Later in the same year Madness released their third album *Seven*, which saw another evolution of the group's arrangement abilities and brought keyboardist Mike Barson into the limelight with his most impressive performance. The irresistible hit "Cardiac Arrest" belied its grim theme with a light-hearted melodic hook and a great sing-along chorus, while "Grey Day" recast the bumper-rock Black Sabbath "Paranoid" anthem in an account of a hangover so realistic it has you reaching for the Alka-Seltzer.

Part of the appeal of Madness songs is the way they handle everyday life so neatly and the band members really see themselves as everyday people. "I hate the feeling of people looking up to me," says Suggs. "We aren't anything special, just ordinary people. When you're in a group, people tend to respect you for things that don't really matter. They respect you just cause you're in a group, but that's nothing really."

The Madness philosophy which leads them to dub themselves "The Nutty Boys," is to have as much fun as possible. Their live shows are free-for-alls of dancing mania in which the distinction between audience and performer is completely broken down. "Look at the road crew who do a tour

with us," says Carl. "When they start they're all serious, but before long they join in and have a laugh. Everyone is just as childish, they're just too scared to give it a go most of the time. Most adults will only act childish when they're pissed out of their heads—that's the only time they're going to release it. Everyone wants to have a good time and be really stupid now and again—not be stupid, but just drop all barriers. My old man did it—he couldn't fucking believe it! He came to see a gig halfway through he stopped and realized he was dancing!"



© Ebel Roberts

Thirty Eight Special Finds the Range

Jacksonville, Florida, is a sprawling Southern town noted for its mean drunks, rednecks and Southern rockers. The best Southern bands have roots in the area, from members of the Atlanta Rhythm Section, Allman Brothers and Lynyrd Skynyrd to Blackfoot, Thirty Eight Special, the Outlaws, Johnny Van Zant and Molly Hatchet. The Van Zant family has produced three of the finest Southern rock outfits—Lynyrd Skynyrd, headed by the oldest Van Zant brother, Ronnie; Thirty Eight Special, his younger brother Donnie's band, and the youngest Van Zant boy, Johnny Van Zant, who leads a band under his own name.

Right now Thirty Eight Special is the hottest Southern rock band in the business. They have picked up the mantle from Lynyrd Skynyrd, the band that did the most to put Southern rock on the map. Skynyrd was the people's choice, and came closest to defining Southern rock's gut appeal in its musical blend of rural blues and hard-edged British rock, and in Ronnie Van Zant's brash, uncompromising lyrics.

Ronnie Van Zant set the foundation for the whole Jacksonville music scene, championing rock 'n' roll at a time when it was dangerous to wear long hair around those parts. Ronnie's dedication to the music, and his honesty in dealing with everyone he came into contact with, created a sort of code of ethics which Lynyrd Skynyrd, Ronnie's brothers and the musicians in their bands have all tried to live up to. "Ronnie taught all of us a lot about music," says Jeff Carlisi of Thirty Eight Special. "I guess more in attitude, the

looseness. Of all the musicians that I've ever seen and played with I think Ronnie Van Zant had more fun making music than anyone else. He didn't want to do anything else. He just thrived on being in the studio and writing."

Donnie Van Zant's approach to Thirty Eight Special is quite different from his older brother's outlook, even though he's the spitting image of Ronnie onstage. Guitarists Don Barnes and Jeff Carlisi are as important as Donnie is to Thirty Eight Special and Donnie em-

*"The cops said
Turn it down
or we'll let
these .38
specials do the
talking for us."*

phasizes that he is the lead singer and front man, not the leader of the group. As a result, Thirty Eight Special takes its musical style as much from the jazz and R&B tradition represented by older Southern musicians like the Atlanta Rhythm Section and their sound is one of the most sophisticated blends in the genre. Carlisi's instrumental showpiece, "Robin Hood," is one of the high points of the band's live shows.

Formed in 1974 with ex-Skynyrd bassist Larry Junstrom and drummers Jack Grondin and Steve Brookins, Thirty Eight Special built a local reputation on the same bar circuit that Skynyrd played. Ronnie helped his younger brother's band in a lot of ways—there are more than a few tapes of late-night jam sessions featuring the Van Zant brothers and the players from Skynyrd and Thirty Eight Special. Skynyrd's manager, Peter Rudge, was instrumental in signing Thirty Eight Special to its first record deal.

The band got its name in an unusual manner. They used to rehearse in an old building they called "The Alamo" in the Florida wilderness. It was an out-of-the-way location that was boarded up for security—the band members had to climb up a drainpipe through an upstairs window—yet somehow the noise carried far enough to draw the attention of the police. "All of the county constables came down on the place in fifteen cars," says Carlisi. "They heard rock 'n' roll and wanted to bust somebody. They said 'Turn it down or we'll let these .38 specials do the talking for us.'"

Since then the band has survived hardships that would have destroyed most groups. To begin with, the connection with Lynyrd Skynyrd had its drawbacks. The band was booked as "Lynyrd Skynyrd's little brother" and many people dismissed them as a Skynyrd ripoff. "It's kind of ironic because Molly Hatchet, which is very similar to the Skynyrd sound, came out and got rave reviews," says Carlisi. "I felt it really was unfair to us for people to make the comments they did about us when we're further removed from that sound than Molly Hatchet was."

The hardest time for the band came in the wake of the 1978 plane crash that killed Ronnie and several other members of Lynyrd Skynyrd. The relationship with Peter Rudge was severely strained, and the band decided to sever its ties with Rudge and take a sabbatical. They went back to Jacksonville and started from scratch, went on unemployment and slowly came to terms with their future.

Thirty Eight Special emerged from this crucible a year and a half later with a powerful album, *Rockin' into the Night*. The two-guitar sound of Car-

lisi and Barnes really came into its own on that (their third) LP, but the most dramatic improvement was in the songwriting. Jim Peterik, a good songwriter who'd led the 60s hit-single band Ides of March, became a songwriting partner on certain tunes, and the band decided to record with producer Rodney Mills at the prestigious Studio One in Doraville, Georgia. Mills had worked the board for all of the classic Atlanta Rhythm Section recordings and knew how to use the studio to work most effectively in song structure and arrangement. Where Thirty Eight Special had been cranking it out full blast on previous records, under Mills's subtle direction and suggestions their sound took a much fuller dynamic shape where every instrumental fill and accent counted.

The collaboration with Peterik and Mills continued on the 1981 hit album, *Wild Eyed Southern Boys*. The title track and "Hold on Loosely" from that LP became FM staples last summer and paced the band's tremendous midyear tour. *Special Forces*, the band's recently released fifth album, reunited the hit formula once again and seems certain to be the sunbather's soundtrack for another

season. The hit single from this album, "Caught Up in You," comes closer to approximating the trademark sound of Studio One than anything the band has previously recorded.

Few songs exemplify the good qualities of Southern rock as well as "Back Door Stranger." A blasting rhythm track anchors awesome dual guitar histrionics throughout, with the prominent lead playing a tremendous "wah wah" accent, and the other guitar counterpointing. Donnie Van Zant's vocals are as sure-footed and gutsy as his older brother's Skynyrd-fronting exhortations.

After years of hard work, Thirty Eight Special has broken through to become one of the country's most distinctive bands. Donnie who wears a hat and belt given to him by Ronnie for the band's live appearances, has matured tremendously as a singer and a front man, while Barnes and Carlisi have developed a unique approach to the two-guitar dynamics that have become the band's calling card. Thirty Eight Special has taken the final step out of Skynyrd's shadow and into the limelight as one of Southern rock's finest practitioners.

continued on page 93



© Lorraine Paladino/Sony File Photo

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CATALOG-O-RAMA



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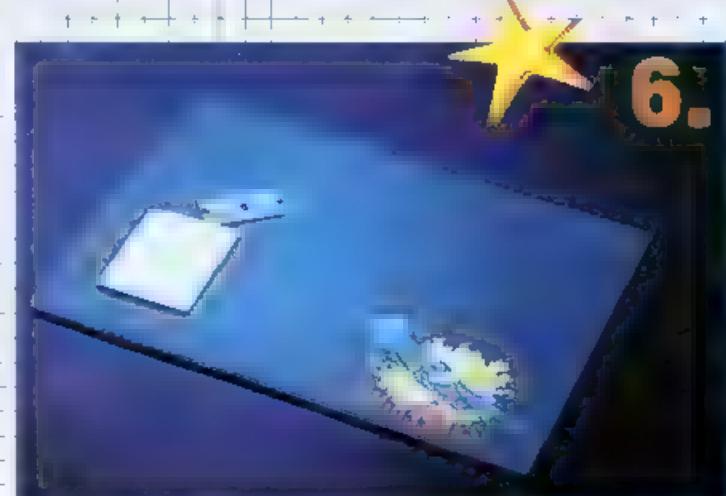
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The Slide Area
Ry Cooder
BSK 36511

Cooder's virtuosic guitar technique and keen archivist's sensibility have always been his best points. Sometimes the limitations of his voice have defeated Cooder's more adventurous forays, while on other occasions he's been accused of being bloodlessly exacting in his evocation of past musical forms. But his recent work with the John Hiatt band, and the tremendous performance Cooder gave on the soundtrack of *The Border* indicated that one of the world's most accomplished guitarists was on a roll, and *Slide Area* comes up hot sevens. Cooder's singing has become polished and effiently expressive without losing the intense feel that he's blurted out, warts and all, in the past. The range of material is impressive, from the mutant funk of "UFO Has Landed in the Ghetto" (this is new turf for Ryland) to the familiar back-porch slur session "I'm Drinking Again," which lays so far back you have to keep checking your turntable speed.

Which Came First is cowritten by Cooder and Willie Dixon and turns on that signature Dixon space rhythm best known as "Wang Dang Doodle." Cooder's reading of Bob Dylan's "I Need a Woman" is fantastic—you can hear Dylan's phrasing and rhythm in Cooder's version, but magically transformed, and the song is also used for Cooder's best guitar showcase of the set.

Promontory Rider
Robert Hunter
Relix RR LP 2002

Hunter's songwriting has provided a secret identity to the Grateful Dead, but his own records have fallen for the most part on deaf ears. Hunter is an enthusiastically amateurish musician, direct yet deliberately self-indulgent in his performance, insisting that the songs be examined on their own. This is a good representation of the material from his four previous LPs, including good songs like "Rum Runners," "That Train Don't Run Here Anymore," "Tiger Rose," "It Must Have Been the Roses" and the title track.

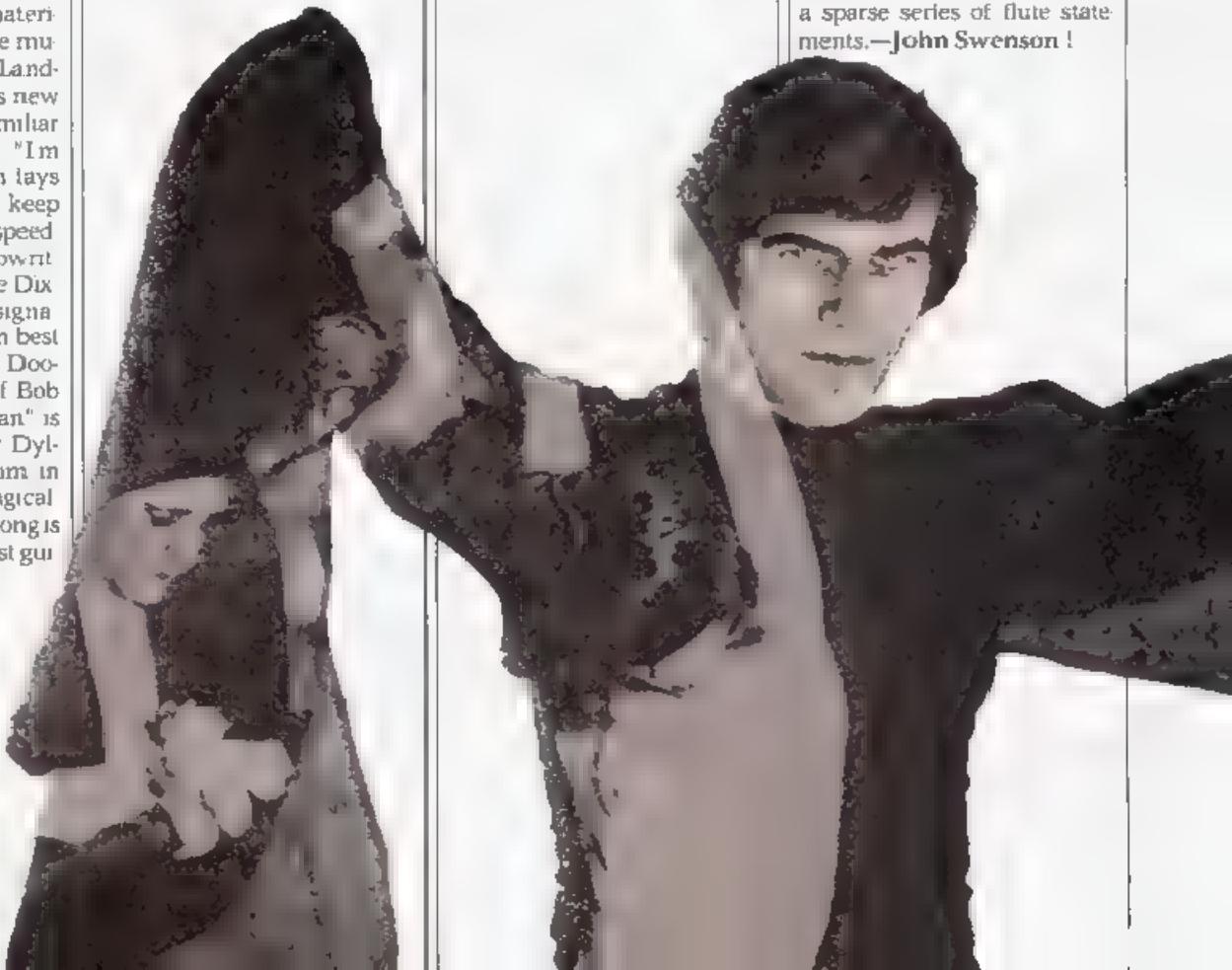
Rescue-Movie Viewers
Robert Crash and
Otto Von Ruggins
Plexus 218709

Looking for something weird? This record features two side-long tracks of two songs each: "Chateau 19 / Waveland Avenue" and "Movie Viewers" /

"My Name Isn't Here." What's weird is that instead of putting one track on each side both tracks are on both sides, dual grooved, and what happens is the tracks switch back and forth. This may not have been the intended effect, but it does happen, and it's as valid a way of listening to this stuff as sequentially. Includes free 4-D glasses for inspecting the television sets on the back cover.

Indestructible
The Mighty Diamonds
(All gator 8303)

Since 1975 when reggae rhythm king Sly Dunbar dubbed the Diamonds' debut LP *Right Time* the first "rockers" album, the great vocal trio led by Donald "Tabby" Shaw has produced some of the finest reggae. This record is an excellent example of how reggae has expanded conceptually in the last decade. The moods and styles vary throughout, including a stark "dub" track, "No Crying, No Bawling," the disco-compatible "Tamarind Farm" and "Fancy Lady (Superstar)," Rita Marley's beautiful "Hurling Inside" and the lilting pop of "Love Is Never Hard to Find." "Party Time" uses a soprano sax part for an interesting coloration while "All I Have Is Love" features a sparse series of flute statements.—John Swenson!



This is Robert Crash
(or maybe Otto Von
Ruggins) at work. We
know it ain't the
Mighty Diamonds.

In the beginning was the Word, then came Sound, which begot Gore...

K

EEP MY GRAVE WARM! DRILL-ER KILLER! MAD MONKEY KUNG FU! LICK ME AND KILL ME

Such is the daily cinematic diet of Bill Landis, 22-year-old editor of the *Sleazoid Express*, self-confessed addict of trash and guru of gore and garbage. Wandering through the piss-drenched movie palaces and vomitoriums of 42nd Street and its ilk, Landis daily sifts through the sewage, poring over the antics of syphilitic vampires from Hong Kong and crazed Osterizer-wielding maniacs from Boise, Idaho—to pluck up pearls from the swinishness, and share these degenerate delights with his readers.

After years of revolting research and God knows what havoc to his mind and morals, Landis lists here the all-time Classics of Sleaze, the Ten Top Sleaze Directors and Sleazedom's Guilty Pleasures.

The All-Time Top Ten of Sleaze

1 *Faster Pussycat, Kill, Kill* (1965; Director: Russ Meyer)—Wanton, bisexual Amazons screw and slaughter indiscriminately, finally come to a mutual bad end. The favorite movie of John (Pink Flamingoes) Waters—an exemplar himself of sleaze.

2 *Blood Feast* (1963; D: Herschell Gordon Lewis)—Crazed Egyptian caterer dismembers beautiful women and serves them up as canapes.

3 *Night of the Living Dead* (1968; D: George Romero)—Radiation-drenched corpses roam western Pennsylvania, killing and devouring the population without mercy.

4 *Last House on the Left* (1972; D: Wes Craven)—Quartet of psychopaths indulge in an orgy of rape and murder notorious for a famed blow-job sequence where the victim turns on her persecutor and bites it off.

5 *The Wizard of Gore* (1970; D: Herschell Gordon Lewis)—Homicidal hypnotist mesmerizes and dismembers beautiful women.

6 *Pink Flamingoes* (1972; D: John Waters)—A battle for the title of "Filthiest Person in the World," fought by two families of degenerates. The title is won by a 300-pound transvestite (the legendary "Divine") who gets down on all fours and wolfs down a pile of dog dung.

7 *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* (1974; D: Tobe Hooper)—Carefree young picnickers are terrorized and eaten by a family of retired butchers turned cannibals. The head butcher, "Leatherhead," works wonders with his favorite tool, a portable electric chain saw.

8 *Mona* (1970; D: Bill Osco and Howard Ziehm)—Beleaguered sexpot turns to fellatio—a clever strategy to retain her virginity.

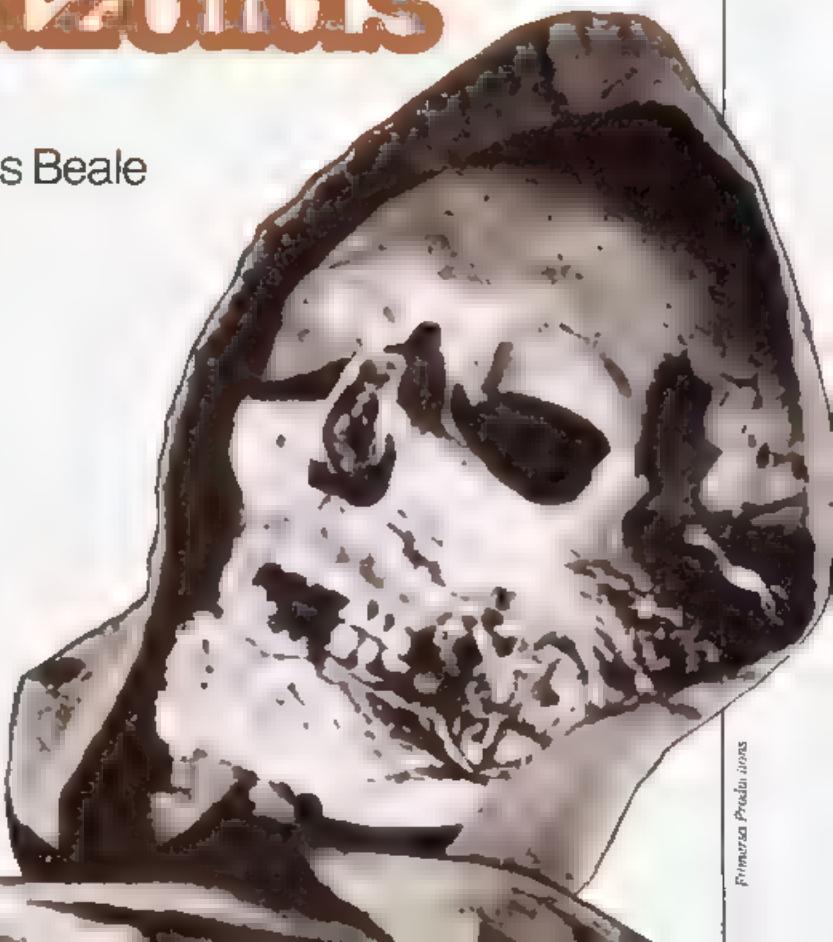
9 *Mondo Cane* (1963; D: Gualterio Jacopetti and Franco Prosperi)—Italian shockumentary focusing on bizarre rites and practices—intended to illustrate the world's vileness and stupidity.

10 *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* (1970; D: Russ Meyer)—Gorgeous all girl rock trio hits L.A. for a nonstop marathon of fornication, mammarys, music and murder. Penned by Pulitzer Prize-winning critic Roger Ebert.

Revenge of the Sleazoids

by Bill Landis,
as told to Lewis Beale

*A still—
real still—
from Mondo Cane*



The Ten Top Sleaze Directors

1. Herschell Gordon Lewis
2. Russ Meyer
3. George Romero
4. Radley Metzger (*The Lickerish Quartet, Misty Beethoven*)
5. John Waters
6. Wes Craven
7. Roger Corman (*The Wild Angels, Attack of the Crab Monsters, Bloody Mama*)
8. Jacopetti and Prosperi
9. Bob Cresse and Lee Frost (*Hot Spur, The Thing with Two Heads*)
10. Paul Morrissey (*Flesh, Trash, Heat!*)

"Guilty Pleasures" (Unusual Items and Minor Classics)

Carnivorous aka *The Last Survivor* (1978; D: Ruggiero Deodato) Plane-crash survivors cope with marauding cannibals and their own growing hunger, at one point pulling a half-digested duck from a crocodile's belly

The Corpse Grinders (1978; D: Ted V Mikels)—Struggling cat-food company discovers plentiful new food supply

Held Hostage (1978; D: Herb Edelson)—Family of blacks are captured, humiliated and tortured by an assortment of white, Puerto Rican and Chinese escaped cons.

Sexus (1965; D: Jose Beneventi)—Sexploitation meets film noir

Guyana, Cult of the Damned (1980; D: Rene Cardona)—Suicidal last stand of fanatical Kool-Aid mixing "Rev Jim Johnson."

The Christine Jorgenson Story (1970; D: Irving Rapper)—Film bio of the famed transsexual—shot by Irving (*The Corn Is Green, Now Rapper*) Rapper in the style of his '40s soapers

Hot Spur (1968; D: Bob Cresse and Lee Frost) Lust in the Old West, with a crazed Mexican out to avenge the rape and murder of his beloved Chiquita

The Image (1976; D: Radley Metzger) -Cut-rate Story of *O* *The Hills Have Eyes* (1977 D: Wes Craven) - Family of campers runs into psychotic predators.

Vas de Noces (1979; D: Thierry Zeno) —A man has sex with a pig, and they have piglets. He kills the piglets, and the depressed sow commits suicide. Not technically a sleaze pic (it premiered at the Cannes Film Festival and played the foreign art film circuit) but hailed by Landis as "one of the most revolting movies ever made"

And he should know

Photos: Movie Star News



Give us gore! Clockwise from top: The Blood Feast, Night of the Living Dead, Texas Chainsaw Massacre.



Rendered Infamous, by Stephen Gaskin (The Book Publishing Company, 156 Drakes Ln., Summersville TN 38433, \$11.95 hand bound)



dozen years ago the Farm descended as gently as possible on Lewis County Tennessee, rather like the starship *Enterprise*. Their mission, to simply live there in a way that would keep alive among themselves that special, frail perception of the Good which many others achieved in the 60s, but which most of us abandoned immediately as soon as we learned that it was difficult and dangerous to keep that perception alive in the "real world." So, with Steve Gaskin and a few other "elders" manning this starship's bridge, some 300 hippie families beamed down into Lewis County, determined to scrupulously observe the prime rule of the Galactic Federation: Thou shall not alter or inter-

fere with the culture of the real inhabitants of the host world.

But before very long, of course, the Lewis County board of supervisors was flagrantly rezoning a scam that would have turned the Farm into a desolation of shopping centers and used-car lots. So the elders, capitulating to this real world, got all their eligible hippies to register to vote and thus the Farm became a significant minority of the real population, and things went along just fine until November 1980 when an army of policemen descended on the Farm one midnight with plenty of TV journalists and a warrant for ten tons of growing marijuana plants. Not so much as a seed was found not a trace of a root, but the Tennessee media has everyone in Lewis County convinced now that there is living amongst them a sizable minority of millionaire dope-trafficking terrorists.

This appears to be why Steve Gaskin wrote this book in what appears to have been the couple sittings it takes to read it. The guy is so thoroughly hopelessly American that his most heartfelt beef about that 1980 cop raid—slanted specifically to poison local opinion toward the Farm forever—is that the several hundred officers involved were "all on double time or overtime." Damned criminal waste of the Tennessee

see taxpayers' money sir!

So Gaskin, at 46, sat himself down to write a book to show how neither he nor anybody he knew could possibly be a dangerous radical. To do this you tell your philosophy and the story of your life simple as that. And Gaskin was obviously poleaxed with astonishment, here at 46, to discover who he'd been all his life and how radical that kind of person has somehow become in just the last dozen years or so, in terms of the real world. They used to be called American but the real world has changed real bad, real quick.

"My name is Spider Gaskin, and I am a shit bird and my heart pumps shit!" That's Gaskin in a U.S. Marine Corps boot camp at 19, on his way to Korea. In Able Company First Battalion, Fifth Marines, he was a crack target shot a mighty boozier and the single best sort of combat grunt there is; if you got shot in front of Gaskin the guy just forgot about everything in the world beyond dragging you back to where an orderly could get at you. Real lousy as a gook killer that is, but the one front-line grunt in the company who can be depended on to keep the casualty rate *real* low. That's as American as it gets, Uncle Sam.

Inevitably much later this becomes Gaskin in a Tennessee slam for grass about to lose all his good time for refusing to wear prison-issue leather boots. The guy doesn't eat meat now, and he doesn't want to wear it, either and the backs have seized on that picayune ethical quibble and double-binded him between a rock and a hard place. How's he get out of it? By scoring plastic boots of his own, made by the same folks who make napalm, no doubt—but look it's the *real world*!

Gaskin's prison reflections, like about all his philosophy, is good, solid cracker barrel rap from a tolerably reflective and broadly experienced American. It's nothing exactly new, that is, but Gaskin has this curiously Victorian rectitude that gives it a special anguished edge. He is almost embarrassed when expressing his well-founded disagreement with people who believe

that the good, long, stiff (sic) jail sentences are surely just the thing for juvenile offenders: "The prison love song was Shit on my dick or blood on my shank. I know this is a little rough for public consumption, but I wanted you to know what you are doing when you send young people to the penitentiary where you are sending them and what you are exposing them to. What did you think you would get back after exposing them to that?"

So much of this book is taken up with plainspoken, acutely perceptive ramblings on social considerations, national and global that I really do recommend it to all those youth who are supposedly being continually corrupted by this magazine. It's actually a capital kid's book ages 16 to 21, a helpful and instructive guide to the mind set that prevailed in America before, as John Mitchell predicted a dozen years ago the country suddenly swung so far right so fast that it's hardly recognizable now. And as Gaskin most perceptibly observes, the pendulum already shows signs of reflexively swinging so far back leftward that things are bound to get even more confusing for Youth.

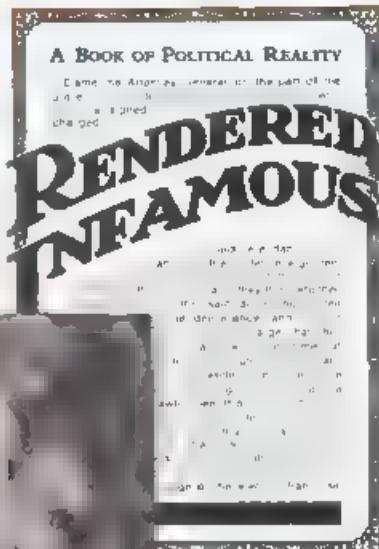
"We have a grave necessity," he gravely counsels, "to understand that damping the movement of the pendulum is more important than pushing it to one side or the other." No way'll gets any more American than that. No sir, Gaskin himself after 12 years on his bucolic starship's bridge, obviously has no idea how flamboyantly radical his ideas are right now, to both the Right and the Left. Somebody's bound someday to come and get him good for this one.

"We have to educate the young folks who are stepping into the middle of something that's already moving. If they understand how it's already moving they can be like a jujitsu player and they can move with the inertia of the times. If they don't know what's happening, if they think it's the first time around for them and this is all a new movie and don't realize about the periodicities, they're not going to be able to move with this great movement."

Chew on that one, Youth

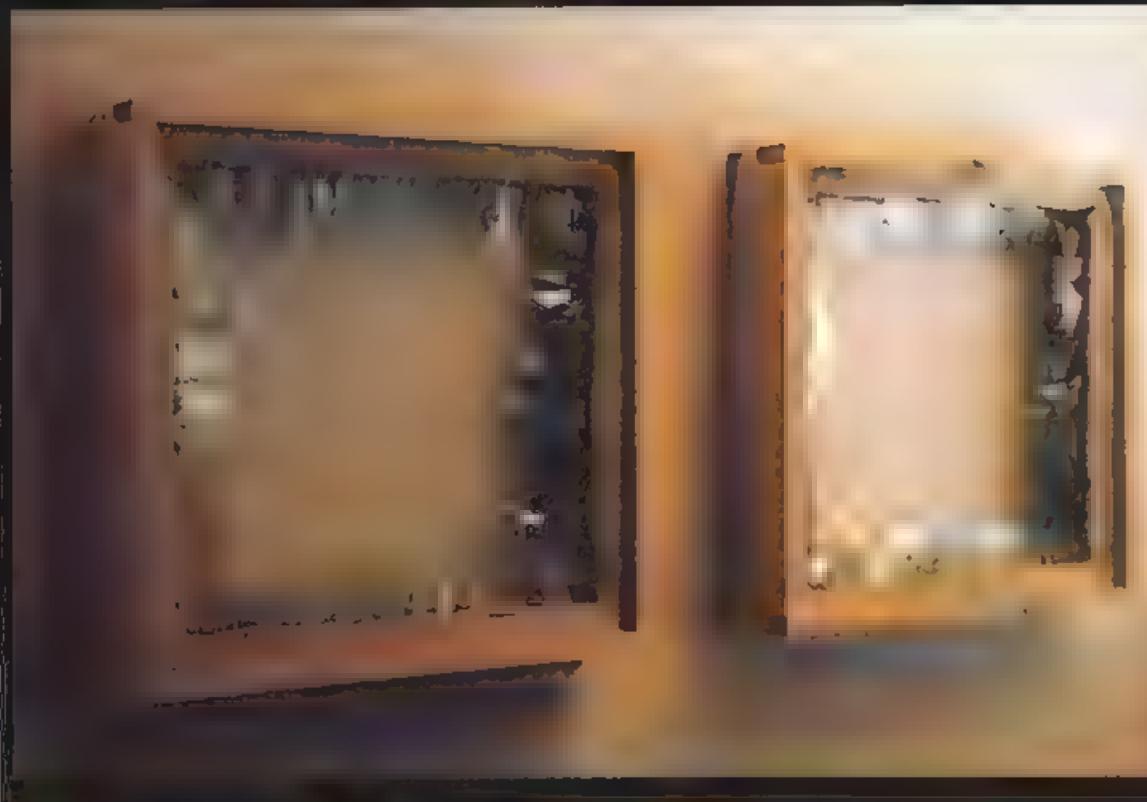
—Dean Latimer

A Book for Youth



RAFAEL BARRIOS

Risk is the essence of Rafael Barrios's work. The viewer freefloats between normal, linear reality and the surreal. We are impelled into a space where certainty becomes uncertain, where expectations are old hat—now is it. And now means laughter and wonder and surprise. Linda Deppe, director of Nova Arts, the gallery in Greenwich Village that shows Rafael's work, believes he "works with space as though gravity were nonexistent. Gravity is, to his way of seeing, a recent discovery; and it is the magic inherent in the old art, the first art, that concerns him." Most of the sculpture is in wood, but steel, glass and stone have also found their way between the functional and metaphysical.



Gravity & Grace

by Eleanore Kennedy
Photographs: Raeanne Giovanni





"My work is personal but falls into the realm of optics. It has to do with the unreal and unpractical way of life I live. I don't support myself in the sense of survival—my work is my survival."



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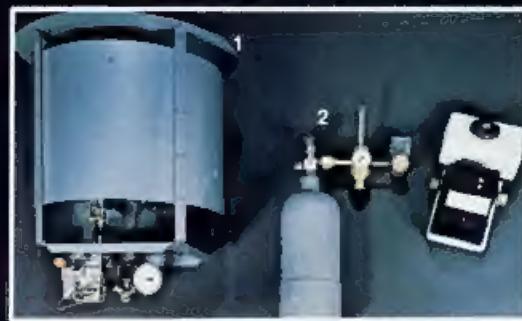
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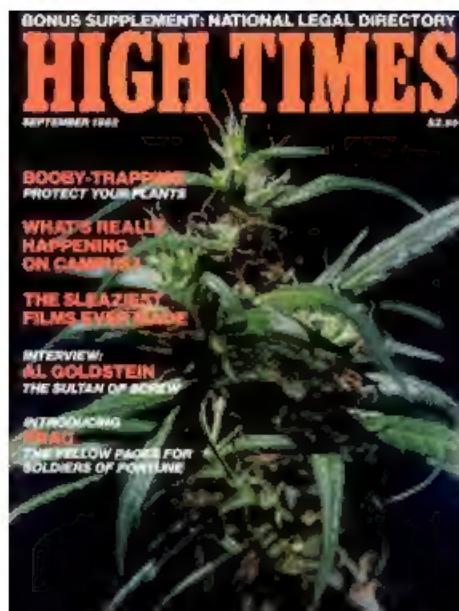
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